

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1849.

DUNNSVILLE.

WE offer this well-executed plate, not as a rare scene of beauty, but as a scene of rare interest to every reader, who looks with pleasure on the progress of our country.

Ten years ago, we had just spent four years within two miles of North Wayne, Me., now Dunnsville, where there was then an old mill and two or three old houses, all of them tottering to their fall. Last autumn we saw the spot again, and lo! a fine, thrifty, stirring town had risen up, and, in the centre of it, an immense suit of buildings, with a score of furnaces belching their black smoke upward, with a score or more of trip-hammers thumping away, as if they intended to pound the world to pieces, and with hot metal sparkling, and water hissing, and grindstones humming, as no one can imagine without seeing them. As this sort of energy is the fittest emblem of our day and generation, and as there is, probably, no example of it superior to the one now given, in any part of the wide world, we take satisfaction in directing to it the attention of our readers. Let it be known, then, to the fifty thousand who peruse these pages, that the scene here represented is the spot where stands the largest manufactory of its kind on earth!

We include in our list of patrons the wives and daughters of thousands of the intelligent tillers of the soil. We have before endeavored to serve their interests, by describing the great works at Pittsburgh, whence many of the implements of husbandry come to the farmers of the west. We now permit them to look directly upon the chimned workshops, where more of their sythes are manufactured than at any other place in any quarter of the globe; for this honor really belongs to our country, and to the town of which a partial view is here given.

Rev. M. Springer, formerly editor of the Maine Wesleyan Journal, after a recent visit to these mammoth works, gives an accurate description of them. We copy from his account the following particulars:

"The system of *division of labor* has here been successfully adopted. First the welders mark and cut the bars of iron and steel in portions of suitable length for each sythe. A portion of iron about five inches or more in length is folded over another of steel, when both are heated and drawn

to the proper length for a sythe. It then passes into the hands of the pointer, whose business is to harden, draw, and break a small portion of the point, to see that the steel has not been overheated—that the iron has not been drawn over the steel, and to examine the whole process thus far. The *plater* then spreads the rod to a proper width, leaving the full thickness at the back. It then passes a process of *fitting* for the machine hammer, when the *finisher* turns the back and gives its general shape. One fashions and finishes the point, another turns and finishes the heel, when it passes the hardening process by a different hand, from whom it is taken to the tempering forge, and then into the hands of the grinders.

"An experienced workman does nothing but carefully examine each sythe, and test the correctness of each process thus far, and every imperfect article is laid aside.

"The proprietor has been at great pains to manufacture a superior article, and no sythe is permitted to go into the market till it has passed the ordeal of two experienced and careful workmen, besides the examination of the general superintendent, whose inspection extends to every part of the establishment. This care has given to these sythes a celebrity which secures a ready sale for all that can be furnished. Extensive orders are now received from all the western states, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. So great, indeed, is the demand, that the proprietor has not been able, thus far, to supply his orders. A silver medal was awarded him by the American Institute, for the most perfect specimens of his art, and he has received the first premium from the New York and other state fairs; never, in any case, having failed to receive the first premium when his sythes have been exhibited.

"This establishment is now more than double the extent of any other in the world! It has rapidly grown to its present gigantic size by the indomitable enterprise and energy of its present proprietor, who, from small beginnings, has attained to wealth and deserved distinction as a public benefactor."

Time was when Mr. Dunn was not worth a dollar. When we last saw him, he was sole proprietor of this vast establishment. So much for one man's energy!

## AN INTELLECTUAL PRODIGY.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

SEVERAL of my late communications, Mr. Editor, have been personal sketches. If the articles on Laura Bridgman, Klopstock, and Powers, have not been wholly unacceptable to your readers, they will indulge me with another similar sketch. As I pen these lines, there is looking down upon me, from above my library case, one of the most extraordinary faces you ever beheld. An expression, at once, of the happy simplicity of childhood and the intellectual brightness of a seraph, beams from it. It is the portrait (too much *idealized*, perhaps, by the artist) of a little friend of mine, whom, notwithstanding his childhood, I am proud to rank among the choicest on my list of familiar and esteemed names. He is about twelve years of age, and diminutive even for that age. He dresses, talks, smiles, and romps as would any buoyant-hearted little fellow; but cogitations, such as delighted the minds of Newton or La Place, occupy his young faculties; and there is on his capacious forehead, and in the streaming lustre of his large, black, burning eye, an intellectual predominance that might benefit a young archangel. Newspapers have made you familiar with him as the "Young Mathematician," the "Wonderful Vermont Boy," &c. As these reports are, however, mostly fragmentary, I propose to give you a somewhat connected outline of his history and marvelous capacity, from data unquestionably authentic.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD is a child of the same hardy and noble state which produced the distinguished subject of my late communication—Powers, the artist. He is the son of T. H. and Louisa Safford, and was born in the beginning of 1836, in Royalton, Vt. He was unusually frail during his infancy; the exceeding delicacy of his nervous system rendered the hope of his life quite uncertain, and it was only by the extraordinary care of an extraordinary mother, that the tender flower was reared into its present more hopeful vigor, and unexampled beauty. "Not one mother in a thousand could have saved him," was a common remark in the neighborhood. His acute sensibility suffered almost uncontrollably under the usual physical trials of infancy, and, during much of his first year, a large portion of each night was spent in wakefulness and weeping. On entering his second year, his health underwent a visible change; his sensitive nerves took a more vigorous tone; and this fortunate change was rendered doubly cheering to the parental fondness which had, thus far, so assiduously nurtured him, by the development of not only a happy and an unusually affectionate disposition, but, also, an astonishing mental capacity. The avidity of his infant intellect was insatiable. He incessantly inquired after the names of surrounding objects, and no sooner learned their names, than puzzling questions, respecting their

natural history or scientific character, startled those who were about him. He forgot nothing. When but twenty months old, he learned the alphabet, in the space of one month, from blocks, containing each a letter, which were given him, as an amusement, during a period of sickness.

No apprehension, however, of his singular mathematical powers, was entertained, till about his third year, when he began to reckon time, upon the clock, "almost intuitively," writes one of my correspondents; "he, also, learned to enumerate, according to the Roman method, from Webster's Spelling Book. He commenced going to school when three years old; but this he did not like. His mode of study was unique. He did not pursue the common circuitous routes to the results of study. \* \* \* When he first began to go to school, his teachers could not comprehend his ways, nor instruct his infant mind. Every branch of study he could master alone, and with ease and rapidity. He commenced Adams' New Arithmetic on Tuesday morning, and finished it completely on Friday night! And when he finishes a book it is done perfectly. He would not fully set down his sums, but cover his slate with a shower of figures, and, at once, bring out the answer. The teacher would look on with astonishment, unable to keep up with him, or to comprehend his operations, carried on in his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and then dashed on to the slate, no matter which end first."

The ordinary mechanical routines of instruction are unsuited to the original and more rapid processes of such minds. Most men of genius have had sorry times at school. Henry soon tired of it, and entreated permission of his mother to tarry at home, where he could pursue his own course, in the household library, and, in a few days, outstrip a "quarter's" progress of the school.

One of his earliest mathematical achievements was in his sixth year. He affirmed that if he could learn how many rods there were around a large meadow on his father's farm, he could give the circumference in barley corns. His father gave him 1,040 rods as the sum demanded, and, in a few minutes, the boy gave, "from his head," 617,760 as the extent in barley corns.

When not nine years old, he could multiply four figures by four figures, mentally, with as much rapidity as it could be done with slate and pencil. The maximum of Zerah Colburn's faculty of calculation was to give the product of five places of figures by five. Henry could equal this in his ninth year. The following are examples of his performances at that age:  $6,842 \times 5,654 = 38,684,668$ ;  $9,876 \times 9,958 = 98,345,208$ ;  $22,362 \times 21,344 = 4,777,294,528$ ;  $84,322 \times 64,262 = 5,418,700,364$ . He performed, at this age, all the sums in Colburn's "Life," mentally, including the large one of the square of 888,888, the product being 790,121,876,544. He could, with equal rapidity, extract the square and cube roots of nine or ten places of figures. It was



a recreation to him, at that time, to survey the fields of his father's farm, which he did with precision, aided only by a younger sister. Before this time he had got an idea of logarithms from a scientific dictionary, and had actually formed an original table from 1 to 60.

His faculty of calculating was found to be somewhat dependent upon practice. When intermitted for a considerable time, it declined. It was not, therefore, that sort of numerical intuition, which has occasionally appeared in connection even with idiocy. It was logical. There was a use of processes, and in later years an invention of new and improved processes for his solutions. This was further manifest by the superior pleasure which he took in the higher mathematical problems, and, especially, in the grateful discovery, made soon after by his parents, that his success was not merely, though chiefly, with numbers, but that all sciences within his reach were seized by his wonderful intellect. Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences was procured for him. "This," says my correspondent above quoted, "was just the work he wanted; for an outline of any thing is enough—he can make the rest. It was this book that first gave him a taste for the higher mathematics. Here he found the definition of a logarithm, and, from this alone, went on and made almost an entire table of them before ever seeing one. One day he went to his father, and told him he wanted to calculate the eclipses, and make an almanac! He said he wanted some books and instruments. His father tried to put him off; but the boy followed him into the fields and whithersoever he went, begging for books and instruments with a most affecting importunity. Finally, his father promised to accompany him to Dartmouth College, and obtain for him, if possible, what he wanted. At this the boy was quite overjoyed; so much so, that when they hove in sight of the College, he cried out in raptures, 'O, there is the College! there are the books! there are the instruments!' But they did not find all they wanted. At Norwich, however, they made up their complement. On coming home, the boy took Gummere's Astronomy, opened it *in the middle*, rolling it to and fro, and, dashing through its dry and tedious formulas, *went out at both ends*. By the way, this is his usual mode of study. He does not begin any book at the beginning, but in the middle, and then goes with a rush both ways. I asked him if, when he opened Gummere's Astronomy *in the middle*, he could comprehend those complicated formulas which depended on previous demonstrations. He replied, he could generally, but sometimes he 'looked back a little.' On arriving home, he projected several eclipses, and also calculated them through all their tedious operations by figures. This, as all mathematicians know, involves a knowledge of the labyrinths of mathematics, and, also, of formulas and processes most complicated and difficult."

This avidity for knowledge suffered no abatement even in periods of painful illness. During his ninth

year, his life was endangered by an attack of typhus fever. The marvelous intellectual light which had so wondrously illuminated the humble habitation of the New England farmer, seemed to flicker in its clay socket, as if it would depart to a higher and more adequate sphere. The family knew how to appreciate the prize at stake, and the most devoted and tireless attentions waited on his sick-bed. The night was divided into three parts, during which the father, mother, and an aunt, were respectively his watchers for twenty-three successive nights. They were unwilling that any possible error or negligence, which might attend the services of others, should endanger their precious charge. During this illness, his faculties lost none of their power; and, as soon as the crisis was over, it was hardly possible to withhold from him his books. It was perilous to allow him to return to them yet, but more to interdict them. Day's Algebra and a slate were brought to his bed; he proceeded to make a calculation; but the pencil dropped from his trembling hand, and, bursting into tears, he fell back upon his pillow. In a few days, he got hold upon another book, and was attempting the solution of the proportion of the diameter of a circle to its circumference, when force had to be used to wrest from him the favorite volume; he clung to it, with both hands, as with a death-grasp.

His first almanac was prepared in 1845. An almanac by a child nine and a half years old, is certainly an extraordinary fact, probably never before paralleled in the history of the human mind. The next year, he calculated four more, for Vermont, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The miscellaneous reading, appended to these publications, was compiled by another hand; but the usual calendar calculations were prepared solely by himself. They were remarkably accurate, more so than the common almanacs of New England. Copies were submitted to the examination of Lieut. Maury, of the Washington Observatory. He wrote that "the almanac would not do discredit to a mathematician of mature years. Young Safford is a prodigy; I have never heard of his equal."

His active mind could not brook the imperfections of the ordinary processes for such computations. While preparing the almanac for your city, it was noticed that he wandered away by himself, abstracted, and soliloquizing, as if absorbed in some new subject of thought. His father was curious to ascertain what it could be, and was surprised to find that the child had actually produced a new method for calculating moon risings and settings, with a table, by which the labor of such calculations is abridged, at least, one-fourth! His calculation of logarithms, from 1 to 60, from a limited idea which he obtained of them from Gregory, would hardly be credible, were it not that the marvel is exceeded by the fact, that he not only calculated eclipses in his tenth year, but, also, constructed a new rule for those elaborate

computations—a rule unknown before, and which curtails the labor nearly one-third. It is said, that for several days before he found out this new process, he was so absorbed in thought, as to appear “to be in a sort of trance.” Soon after dawn one morning, he flew down stairs in his night dress, “poured on to his slate a stream of figures,” exclaiming, with an ecstasy of gladness, “O, father, I have got it—I have got it! It comes—it comes!”

His knowledge of science, generally, is quite extraordinary for a child of his age. A friend who visited him in his tenth year, wrote me as follows:

“His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas by Professor Johnson, of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. His eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process. When only four years old, he would surround himself upon the floor with Morse’s, Woodbridge’s, Olney’s, Smith’s, and Malte Brun’s Geographies, tracing them through, and comparing them, noting their points of difference. His memory, too, is very strong. He has pored over Gregory’s Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences so much, that I doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of those immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I saw the volumes, and also noticed he had left his marks on almost every page. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprang into his study, and produced me Greenleaf’s Arithmetic, Perkins’ Algebra, Playfair’s Euclid, Pike’s Arithmetic, Davies’ Algebra, Hutton’s Mathematics, Flint’s Surveying, the Cambridge Mathematics, Gummere’s Astronomy, and several Nautical almanacs. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had. And an examination of him for the space of three hours convinced me he had; and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. His knowledge is not intuitive. He is a *pure and profound reasoner*. In this he excels all other geniuses of whom I ever read. He can not only reckon figures in his mind with the rapidity of lightning, but he reasons, compares, reflects, and wades at pleasure through all the most abstruse sciences, and comprehends and reduces to his own clear and brief rules the highest mathematical knowledge.”

Though thus versatile, his chief ability undoubtedly is, and will continue to be, in mathematical calculation. Professor Dewey, of the Vermont Medical College, examined him when he was nine years old, and has given several examples of his arithmetical power, which, with the explanations accompanying them, illustrate what I have affirmed, namely, that he gives numerical results, not by that mysterious sort of instinct, or intuition, which seems peculiar to the mathematical genius, but by

a process of wonderfully rapid reasoning. Dr. Dewey says, “He multiplied three figures by three figures with the greatest ease, and showed how he did the work. I gave him 592 to be multiplied by 787, and, in less than a minute, he gave the product by his head alone. He said he multiplied 787 by 600, and subtracted from the product eight times 787. I then gave him 577 to be multiplied by 395, and as he said the product, he observed that 576 is the square of 24, and that he multiplied 395 by the factors  $4 \times 4 \times 6 \times 6$ , and added once 395. He has wonderful facility in finding factors, if there are any in the numbers to be multiplied. I gave him 765 to be multiplied by 567. In a moment, he gave me the product, as he said, by multiplying 765 by the factors  $9 \times 9 \times 7 = 567$ . In giving him numbers at random, I found that, in one case, when the multiplier was 177, he had multiplied the other number by  $3 \times 59$ .” At this date he could give the product of more than three places of figures in both the multiplicand and multiplier; but it was not deemed desirable then, on account of his health, to task his mind with those extraordinary computations, which, as we shall see, he soon after performed. Dr. Dewey insists that he is not “one of the calculators by instinct, but a real, regular reasoner on correct and established principles, taking the easiest and most direct course.” “I saw him,” continues the Doctor’s letter, “work equations with great facility, and the process showed the acuteness of his reasoning on the problems, to obtain the equation.—I gave him two sides, and the included angle of a triangle, to find the other parts, and he gave the proportions and operations, by which to find them, with the utmost facility. I asked him the proportions when any two parts of a triangle, besides the right angle, are given, to find the others. He instantly gave the proportions, as if he saw, with the utmost clearness, the reasoning to conduct to the true result. His statements were like those of one who saw, and not merely remembered. I asked him for the curvature of our earth, and he seemed never to have seen it; but as he had read through the Cambridge Mathematics, as he said, I told him he must have seen it, or I thought I could find it, if he had not, from a proposition in geometry. After a moment’s hesitation, he said, ‘O yes, eight inches for a mile!’ and gave the proportion to find this quantity, when the diameter of the earth is given; ‘or,’ said he, ‘divide 5,280 by 7,926, and you have eight inches nearly, the small quantity being regulated in the formula usually given.’”

The last very thorough examination of Henry, which has come to my knowledge, was made by the friend from whom I have already several times quoted, the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Springfield, Mass. In a communication, which Mr. Adams sent me at the time, full and most surprising particulars of the interview are given:

“I went,” says Mr. Adams, “firmly expecting to be able to confound him, as I previously prepared



myself with various problems for his solution. I did not suppose it possible for a boy, of ten years only, to be able to play, as with a top, with all the higher branches of mathematics. But in this I was disappointed. Here follow some of the questions I put to him, and his answers. I said, 'Can you tell me how many seconds old I was last March, the twelfth day, when I was twenty-seven years old?' He replied, instantly, '85,255,200.' Then said I, 'The hour and minute hands of a clock are exactly together at 12 o'clock: when are they next together?' Said he, as quick as thought, '1 h. 5 5-11 m.' And here I will remark, that I had only to read the sum to him *once*. He did not care to see it, but only to hear it announced *once*, no matter how long. Let this fact be remembered in connection with some of the long and blind sums I shall hereafter name, and see if it does not show his amazing power of perception and comprehension. He would perform the sums mentally, and, also, on a slate, working by the briefest and strictest rules, and hurrying on to the answer with a rapidity outstripping all capacity to keep up with him. The next sum I gave him was this: 'A man and his wife usually drank out a cask of beer in 12 days; but when the man was from home it lasted the woman 30 days: how many days would the man alone be drinking it?' He whirled about, rolled up his eyes, and replied, at once, '20 days.' 'Then,' said I, 'what are the values of  $x$  in the equation  $a^2 + b^2 - 2bx + x^2 = \frac{m^2 x^2}{n^2}$ ?' He sprung to his slate, dashed on a few figures, and replied, in about a minute,  $x = \frac{n}{n^2 - m^2} (bn + \sqrt{a^2 m^2 + b^2 m^2 - a^2 n^2})$ . He also gave me the negative value of  $x$ . 'What number,' said I, 'is that which being divided by the product of its digits the quotient is 3; and if 18 be added the digits will be inverted?' He flew out of his chair, whirled round, rolled up his wild, flashing eyes, and said, in about a minute, '24.' Then said I, 'Two persons, A and B, departed from different places, at the same time, and traveled toward each other. On meeting, it appeared that A had traveled 18 miles more than B; and that A could have gone B's journey in  $15\frac{3}{4}$  days, but B would have been 28 in performing A's journey. How far did each travel?' He flew round the room, round the chairs, writhing his little body as if in agony, and in about a minute sprung up to me, and said, 'A traveled 72 miles, and B 54 miles, didn't they? Yes.' Then said I, 'What two numbers are those whose sum, multiplied by the greater, is equal to 77; and whose difference, multiplied by the less, is equal to 12?' He again shot out of his chair like an arrow, flew about the room, his eyes wildly rolling in their sockets, and, in about a minute, said, '4 and 7.' 'Well,' said I, 'the sum of two numbers is 8, and the sum of their cubes 153. What are the numbers?' Said he, instantly, '3 and 5.'

"Now in regard to these sums, they are the hardest in Davies' Algebra. I have had classes of

one hundred scholars who have not been able to perform several of them. But young Safford, at one reading, comprehended them at a flash, and returned, almost instantly, correct answers. He also gave me correct algebraic formulas for doing them. Then I took him into plane trigonometry. Said I, 'In order to find the distance between two trees, A and B, which could not be directly measured, because of a pool, which occupied the intermediate space, the distance of a third point, C, from each was measured, namely,  $CA = 588$  feet, and  $CB = 672$  feet, and, also, the contained angle  $ACB = 55^\circ 40'$ : required the distance  $AB$ ?' He seized his slate, covered it with a group of figures, performed some of it mentally, and brought out the answer in about two minutes, saying, '592,967 feet.' I then gave him this, in the mensuration of surfaces, 'What is the area of a trapezoid whose parallel sides are 750 and 1,225, and the altitude 1,540?' He walked rapidly across the floor, whirled about to and fro, and replied, '152,075.' Then said I, 'If the diameter of the earth be 7,921, what is the circumference?' He said instantly, '24,884.6136.' To do this, he multiplied 7,921 by 3.1416. This he did mentally quicker than I could write the answer. Then I gave him this: 'How many acres in a circular piece of ground, whose circumference is 31.416 miles?' He sprung on to his feet, flew round the room, and in a minute said, '50,265.6.' Then said I, 'Required the number of acres of blue sky in an ellipse whose semi-axes are 35 and 25 miles?' He began to walk the floor again, twisting his little body, and whirling his eyes spasmodically, and in about a minute said, '1,759,296 acres.' How did you do it?' said I. Said he, 'Multiply the semi-axes together, and that product by 3.1416, and that product by 640.' 'And did you perform the entire operation in your mind so soon?' 'Yes, sir.' Then I took him into the mensuration of solids. Said I, 'What is the entire surface of a regular pyramid whose slant height is 17 feet, and the base a pentagon, of which each side is 33.5 feet.' In about two minutes, after amplifying round the room, as his custom is, he replied, '3,354.5558.' 'How did you do it?' said I. He answered, 'Multiply 33.5 by 5, and that product by 8.5, and add this product to the product obtained by squaring 33.5, and multiplying the square by the tabular area taken from the table corresponding to a pentagon.' On looking at this process, it is strictly scientific. Add to this the fact that I was examining him on different branches of mathematics, requiring the application of different rules, and that he went from one sum to another with rapidity, performing the work in his mind, when asked to, and the wonder is still greater. Then I desired him to find the surface of a sphere. Required the area of the surface of the earth, its diameter being 7,921 miles? He replied, as quick as thought, '197,111,024 square miles?' To do it, he had to square 7,921, and multiply the product by 3.1416. Then I wished him to give me the solidity of a sphere; therefore, said I, 'What is

the solidity of the earth, the mean diameter being 7,918.7 miles? He writhed, flew rapidly about the room, flashed his eyes, and, in about a minute, said, '259,992,792,083.' To do this, he multiplied the cube of 7,918.7 by 5,236. I believe he used a few figures in doing this sum; but it was not necessary, as he performed a much larger one in his mind, as I shall soon show. The next sum I gave him was this: 'How many rails will it require to fence a circular field, so that there shall be as many acres in the field as there are rails around it—the fence being five rails high, and the rails ten feet long, or laying ten feet on the circumference?' 'O,' said he, 'I guess I can't do it. O, yes I can,' said he, leaping on to the floor, and hurrying about the room; and, in about two minutes after he put his mind upon it, he said, 'It will take 136,848,096 rails.' The mode of doing this was ingenious, and shows his power of comprehending not only the nature of a sum, but, also, the mode of performing it. On asking him to explain how he wrought it, he replied, 'If five rails fence ten feet of the circumference, one rail will fence two feet; then I shall have fenced a piece of ground two feet at the circumference and 0 at the centre. But by dividing this in the centre, and reversing the ends, it will be one foot wide. Now how far must this strip of land extend to make an acre? Multiply 160 by  $272\frac{1}{4}$ , and it will give the square feet in an acre, which is 43,560. This is the radius of the circle. Twice this is the diameter, and the diameter multiplied by 3.1416 gives the feet in the circumference, and that product, divided by 2, gives the number of rails, and the number of acres. Or, which is the same thing, as 2 is both a multiplier and a divisor, neglect both steps, and the radius, multiplied by 3.1416, gives the answer.' Now let it be remembered that this boy is only *ten years old*—that he did this sum for the *first* time in about *two minutes*, almost wholly in his head—and who can account for it? Then I asked him about his rule respecting the intersection of circles, and the cutting away of the area, as reported by Professor Denison. He said it was wrong, and explained to me satisfactorily how the error occurred. The fact is, the boy is sometimes apparently lost in thought, or absent-minded, and unless he is often told to keep his mind on his work, he may, the first you know, be reading or studying out something that seems suddenly to come to his mind. It is possible that this had something to do with the error alluded to. This mistake has been fully explained by his father in the New York Observer. To test him on this point, I inquired, 'Suppose two equal circles cut each other six-twelfths of their diameter, how much of the area will be cut away?' Said he, *instantly*, '391 one thousandth.' 'How do you know?' said I. He seized his pencil and slate, drew a diagram, and demonstrated this property: that the area intercepted between the circles is equal to twice the area of a segment of a circle, the area of which circle is equal to one; and the height of the segment

is equal to the diameter of the circle multiplied by the number of digits intercepted between the circumference of the two circles, and divided by 24, or  $2 \times 12$ . I then asked him to give me the cube root of 3,723,875. He replied, quicker than I could write it, and that mentally, '155, is it not?' 'Yes.' Then said I, 'What is the cube root of 5,177,717?' Said he, '173.' 'Of 7,880,599?' He instantly said, '199.' These roots he gave, calculated wholly in his mind, as quick as you could count one. I then asked his parents if I might give him a hard sum to perform *mentally*. They said they did not wish to tax his mind too much, nor often to its full capacity, but were quite willing to let me try him once. Then said I, 'Multiply, *in your head*, 365,365,365,365,365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365!' He flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the top of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, and then seeming to be in agony, until, in not more than one minute, said he, '133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225!' The boy's father, Rev. C. N. Smith, and myself had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it to us in periods of three figures each, as fast as it was possible for us to write them. And what was still more wonderful, he began to multiply at the left hand, and to bring out the answer from left to right, giving first, '133,491,' &c. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale, and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he ever did!"

This last performance was perhaps never paralleled. It is not so interesting an illustration of the logical power of the child, as others above given; but as a stupendous effort of computation it is absolutely inconceivable, and throws into comparative pettiness the largest calculations of Colburn, or any other similar genius, with which we have become acquainted. We are impressed, indeed, with a sentiment of awe when we think what must be the power and fleetness of thought in the purely spiritual state, when such a child, by the mere accident of a peculiar organization, astounds us by such immeasurable compass and velocity of mind.

The various accounts of this singular example of genius, which found their way into the papers, and especially the one just given, (published in Zion's Herald, January, 1846,) could not fail to excite public attention. The examination by Mr. Adams has been severely condemned as endangering the child's health. It ought to be remembered, however, that it was desirable that an investigation, which should prove decisive to the public opinion, should, once for all, be made, and that the parents, who were the best judges of his health, judged it not imprudent to consent to the test. The publication of the result added much to the interest previously felt for the little mathematician. "What," wrote the Hon. Horace Mann, "what are the desires which a wise man ought to feel after reading such an account? After gratitude to God for the creation of such intellectual powers, ought he not to wish that these



powers may be preserved as a source of blessings to mankind? Here is a boy, only ten years old, who rivals, and, in one respect, surpasses the profoundest mathematicians; for he solves problems in a twinkling which they must work out by tedious and pains-taking processes. Here is a boy at the age of ten—an age when not one boy in the country can do any thing more than the simplest sums in the simplest rules—multiplying, *in his head*, eighteen figures by eighteen figures, and bringing out a product of thirty-six figures, correctly, in one minute of time; and not merely extracting roots and making logarithms, but measuring the superficial and the solid contents of the earth itself, as a man measures a yard of cloth or a bushel of apples, and casting eclipses of the sun and moon. Should the boy go on for sixty, forty, twenty, or even for ten years, surpassing others of his age as much as he now surpasses them, what wonders of omnipotent Wisdom might he not reveal! what unimaginable blessings might not his discoveries confer upon the race!"

The letter in the Herald brought the case under the attention of Professor Pierce, of Harvard University, a gentleman as capable of appreciating it as any one else in the United States. He wrote to the father of the child, proposing a problem as a test of the truth of the narrative. It was as follows: If  $a$  be one of the sides of an equilateral, spherical triangle, and  $A$  one of its angles, prove that  $\sec. A = \sec. a + 1$ .

The solution was sent to Cambridge, and read by Professor Pierce before the session of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in March, 1846. The Academy appointed a commission to examine the boy, and in the following May he was brought to Boston for the purpose. Professor Pierce addressed a letter, after this visit, to the Boston Courier, in which he says: "I have seen the wonderful Vermont boy, and am not disappointed in him. His early exhibition of the thirst for knowledge, and his capacity to acquire it, have not been exaggerated, and are accompanied with powers of abstraction and concentration rarely possessed at any age, except by minds of the highest order. His attainments are chiefly mathematical and astronomical, and would be highly creditable to a young man of eighteen; he can solve quadratic equations, and compute eclipses, and is familiar with all the elementary portions of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry. At his present rate of acquisition, he will himself, at the age of eighteen, be the greatest mathematician alive."

It was universally felt that such a precious gift should be sacredly guarded; that, in the language of Mr. Mann, "rich men ought to offer their gold, as though it were dross, to supply every thing that might be necessary for him." Various schemes were addressed to his parents respecting his education and maintenance. A banking institution offered him \$1,000 per annum if he would become the calculator of its interests. A philanthropic

gentleman of your city, Mr. Longworth, liberally furnished him with books and instruments, and, I believe, proposed to receive him into his family, and provide for his education. His parents wisely judged, however, that his uncertain health would be safer under the household roof, and the guardianship of his mother, whose unremitted care had, thus far, sustained his precarious life.

The examination at Boston resulted, at last, in an arrangement which comprehends every possible convenience for the health and education of Henry. A liberal offer was made by President Everett and Professor Pierce in behalf of certain generous citizens of Boston, to provide for the residence of the entire family at Cambridge, and the thorough instruction of the son. Mr. Safford, accordingly, removed thither in September, 1846, and for two years past his interesting child has been under the safe care of Messrs. Everett and Pierce, enjoying, meanwhile, the nurture and affections of his own home. He resides about two miles from the college, in a retired locality, amidst the beautiful scenery of Mount Auburn and Fresh Pond. The contract between the family and the gentlemen mentioned is quite specific, prohibiting any undue examination of the boy by curious visitors, placing his intellectual education entirely under the control of the University, and leaving, as it should, his moral training to his parents. The course of studies which he has, thus far, pursued at Cambridge, has been adapted, with admirable prudence, alike to his peculiar genius and his frail health. We may feel assured, that if any means can preserve and ripen to its promised fruition this extraordinary intellect, it will not be wanting at Cambridge.

All hopes of the child depend upon his health. Horace Mann justly remarked, that "he needs a physiologist for his body more than a tutor for his mind." There is some truth, doubtless, in the common opinion, that precocious genius prematurely declines; it is usually, but not invariably, and far from being necessarily true. Few minds have attained greatness without early promise. Newton, Ferguson, Melancthon, Metastasio, and most of the poets, indicated early their destiny. Bossuet preached his first sermon in his fifteenth year. Fenelon dazzled a Parisian audience at the same age. Robert Hall's splendid genius was manifest in his childhood. The mathematical genius of Pascal was revealed in his ninth year; in his eleventh he composed a treatise on the nature of sounds; in his sixteenth he published his famous treatise on "Conic Sections," which Descartes declared to be impossible for a youth of his age. The danger of early genius consists in the liability of its being too active for the cerebral strength or the physical constitution generally. If the one condition of health can be secured, there need be no fear of intellectual declension. There is no symptom of decline in the interesting case we have been considering. Little Henry, during the two years

of his seclusion at Cambridge, has not appeared before the public eye, except in an occasional repetition of the previous notices of the press; it must not thence be inferred that any unfavorable change has occurred in his mental development; it is the result of the wise guardianship of his instructors. Gentlemen of the University assure me that their utmost hopes are thus far sustained by his progress. Their effort is to restrain him; while his genius remains thus unimpaired, the hope constantly strengthens that he will reach manhood with his splendid faculties, and achieve for science what such faculties, matured, cannot fail to achieve.

His health improves, though very slowly. During the two years of my acquaintance with him, I have observed a gradual invigoration of his slight frame. Your fellow-citizen, the elder Dr. Muzzy, visited him a few weeks since, and consoled the family by his opinion that there were good grounds to hope for his continued improvement. Still, like Pascal, he will probably carry through life the inconveniences of feeble health. His limbs are remarkably slight, his face pallid, and his nervous sensibility exceedingly acute. He cannot sit still, but is restless, with incessant motion, glancing eagerly, but smilingly, from object to object, and weaving his fingers, or twisting his little arms, among the slats of his chair. It must not be supposed that the "agony" so painfully obvious during Mr. Adams' examination, is usual to him. The habit of his mind is placid cheerfulness itself. The Rev. Mr. Upham, who examined him at another time, says: "He walks about the room, looks up to you as he passes with a smile of recognition, gazes out of the door or window, and, in a few moments, without an apparent effort, declares the answer. His mind is evidently as unfatigued as that of other boys in their usual sports. \* \* \* Whoever enters upon a scrutiny of the achievements of this child in solving the most complicated problems of mathematics, cannot but experience a solemnizing impression that, in his case, the mind is clothed with an energy which elevates it above the range of humanity into a near approach to a godlike intelligence."

His moral dispositions are in happy unison with his elevated faculties. He betrays no consciousness of his peculiar superiority, but is modest, gentle, and affectionate—a really lovable child, much more so than is usual with boys of his age. Though his little, pallid face cannot be called handsome in its general contour or expression, yet, when illuminated by an expression of feeling or a new thought, it becomes radiant with a transcendent beauty, which, once seen, cannot soon be forgotten.

Such peculiar faculties must, of course, be congenital. His predilection for numbers he probably derives from his father, a hardy farmer, but possessing superior intelligence. Extraordinary mathematical powers seem to have been hereditary in his family. Mr. Safford's own father was noted among

his fellow-townsmen as "carrying the grand list" of the town—the whole town assessments—in his head. Combined with this original capacity for numbers, young Safford has a peculiarly fine organization, which is, probably, the chief occasion of his precocious and amazing development. This he derives from his mother; his slight frame and nervous excitability strongly resemble him to her. Her own experience has enabled her to treat rightly the critical case of her child; and the continuance of his life to the present time, and the brilliant hope of its future, he owes to her tender and unwearied care. A letter which I received from his father contains the following reference to her: "His mother is, without doubt, as good a female scholar as the state of Vermont has ever produced; she is the one who, of all others, should have the management of him for years to come, if his life is spared. The whole secret of the child's case is a very happy combination of faculties, all largely developed, an almost purely nervous or mental temperament, and, of course, a very delicate physical organization throughout. His mother has the same delicate nervous temperament, the same thirst for knowledge, without as large reflective faculties as the child, to push into the higher branches of mathematics. Her methods of instructing have been extremely judicious, as she was also a teacher of others before she had a family of her own."

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SATIRE.

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A correspondent sends us a poem of some length, on the faults of preachers, from which we make a short extract. We think the poetry is very good; but the spirit of it is too severe, and in many places really unjust. There is, no doubt, some foppery occasionally apparent in the ministry; but to charge a whole class with this weakness is beyond all propriety. We therefore give, in our quotation, just enough of the piece to show its temper, and advise all concerned to take the hint without seeing more of what our friend has written. And we advise our friend to continue his observations, on men and manners; but let him have charity that hideth a multitude of sins. He is a good writer, and, by practice, will be able to stand high in the art of composition.—EDITOR.

THE world is filled with various sects—  
Each in the other finds defects—  
This one approves, and that rejects;  
But few, in full, agree.  
Just look around you where you may,  
In this refined, enlightened day—  
Behold the Christian Church display  
Its Christian charity.

Is that a preacher whom my eyes  
Are scanning with complete surprise?  
Is he a man devoutly wise?  
A minister of grace?  
A cushioned pulpit he ascends,  
Gapes gravely round upon his friends—  
A cane, all golden headed, lends  
A beauty to the place.



## MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

WHEN last we parted, gentle reader, I promised you more of the St. Lawrence and Montreal.

The St. Lawrence, as you probably know, is the channel by which the great lakes of North America find their devious way to the Atlantic. Superior, Huron, St. Clair, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, all pour their accumulated waters along this magnificent highway. Between the foot of Ontario and Ogdensburg lie, scattered all along, the thousand islands. They are of every imaginable variety in shape and extent. Their general appearance is cold, rough, rugged, and rocky. The trees are small, and such only as belong to a high northern latitude. Though it was a hot August day, yet I felt like shivering with cold to look at the scenery along this part of the river. I had been brought up midst frosts and snows, and bleak plains, and rugged hills, and barren mountains. My childhood had been spent among the dark green forests of the north. Yet, for the last seven years, I had looked only on the soft and fair landscape of Indiana. Rocks, and hills, and cold-looking forests had become strangers to me. I saw little to interest me along this part of the route. At Ogdensburg the scene changes. The country is less rugged, the landscape softens down, sterility gives place to fertility, and sternness relaxes to smiles and beauty.

One of the loveliest landscapes I ever saw opens before the traveler about half way between Ogdensburg and Montreal. The river here spreads out into a smooth lake. East and west the waters may be seen far as the eye can reach. On the north is a beautiful Canadian village. On the south lies an extended plain, walled up in the distance by a long range of lofty mountains. The landscape was reposing in the quiet beauty of a lovely summer day. The scene leaves on the memory one of those beautiful pictures on which we delight to look long after the original sensation has passed away.

Long before you arrive at Montreal, the mountain, from which the city takes its name, appears gently rising above the plain. It stands alone; and we wonder how it came to occupy so solitary a position. The city, from its compactness, its substantial masonry, and its extent, impresses the stranger with emotions of grandeur. Nearly every edifice is of stone, and appears as if built for all time. The public buildings are numerous, and magnificent. Among them stands pre-eminent the Cathedral. Its length is two hundred and sixty feet, and its breadth one hundred and thirty-three feet. It contains thirteen hundred and sixty-three pews, and can easily accommodate fifteen thousand persons. Its doors are seventeen feet high, and ten feet wide. Its windows are thirty-six feet high, and ten feet wide. The window in rear of the altar is sixty feet high, and thirty-three feet wide. It

has two towers two hundred and fifteen feet high. These towers are ascended by twenty-five staircases, forming two hundred and eighty-five steps. In one of the towers is an immense bell, more than six feet high, and eight feet in diameter, and weighing twenty-nine thousand four hundred pounds. It remains resting on heavy timbers, having not yet been hung. Should they ever succeed in securely suspending it, what deep tones it would peal forth at the hour of devotion to call the worshipers to the altar of prayer! And how startling would be its sound, as it tolled the knell of death! It might seem to wake the sleeper from his deep repose in his coffin-bed.

From the top of the tower is presented a complete panorama of the city and country. You may look down along every street, and on every edifice in the town. On the north is the mountain, its base surrounded by cottages and palaces, its sides cultivated in fields and pastures, and its summit covered by evergreen forests. On the west you look away up the St. Lawrence, as it rushes down the roaring rapids. On the south, away across the river, which is here nine or ten miles wide, you see a lovely champaign country, and far beyond, rise the Green Mountains of Vermont. On the east, down the St. Lawrence, you see a beautiful and fertile country, the river flowing in a deep channel, navigable by immense steamboats, and sloops, and brigs, and ships of largest size. A night's journey down the river would bring you to Quebec, a city of romance and reality—such a city as is found nowhere else in North America. I know of but one place in America, where the prospect is equal to that presented from the tower of the Montreal Cathedral. From the cupola of the Boston State House the prospect would be by most persons preferred. The ocean, the interminable villages, and the highly-cultivated gardens, seen around Boston, make on the beholder a more vivid impression than the rural scenery about Montreal.

I would recommend the route by Montreal to those persons who have frequent occasion, as many living in the west do, to travel from Cincinnati to the eastern cities. The Sandusky railroad and the Erie steamboats furnish a rapid, cheap, and comfortable means of conveyance to Buffalo. From Buffalo it is but about one hour's travel by railroad to Niagara. Here is presented a scene unequalled for sublimity on the face of earth. No lady can say that her education is finished till she has seen Niagara Falls. That sight, and the sounds thence arising, will awaken in her soul emotions, and feelings, and thoughts, of which she had never dreamed.

Arriving at Niagara, you will be annoyed, as indeed you will everywhere else east of Sandusky, by runners from the hotels. These cattle are an intolerable nuisance, and ought to be abated by law. Such a clatter and din as they raise about your ears was never heard since the catastrophe at Babel. If, at Niagara, you want a neat, comfortable, quiet

place, go to the St. Lawrence House. The house is unpretending in appearance. Indeed, it is quite small along side of the Falls Hotel, and the Cataract House. But the rooms are convenient, neat, and pleasantly situated. The furniture and beds are clean and comfortable. Every thing about the establishment is orderly, quiet, domestic, and homelike. The landlord is a gentleman, who will spare no pains to make your visit agreeable. He will accompany you about the place, and show you the sights, and will give correct information on all matters in the neighborhood, and direct you on your way to any other place. His charges are uniform, regular, and reasonable. At his house you will find no flirts, nor dandies with dogs, but only sober, quiet, steady people, minding their own business, and treating their fellow-visitors with respect and kindness.

There exists at Niagara every species of contrivance and machinery to make money out of visitors. There are hackmen to drive you to the bridge and over Goat Island at enormous charges—a toll-gatherer to extort twenty-five cents for passing over a bridge—a seller of Indian moccasins and gewgaws, and a loafer offering you a miserable glass prism to look through at the Falls. If, however, you are in tolerable walking order, you may avoid most of the extortioners.

As soon as you have secured your room for your temporary home, you will, without stopping to sit down, proceed immediately through the grove in the rear of the hotel to catch your first view of the Falls. You will probably sit down on a rock near the ferry house, on the brink of the river, and for an hour gaze at the wonderful scene, and listen to the deep and awful sounds that rise from the abyss. No sounds of earth, or air, or ocean resemble these. If the far-famed sage's Music of the Spheres could be realized, Niagara would make bass enough for the whole orchestra. The solid ground beneath your feet trembles at the deep tones sent forth from the dark caverns into which those waters plunge.

Returning to the hotel, you will proceed, either by railroad cars or by hack, to the suspension bridge. This curious structure, consisting of a bridge supported by wires stretched over the Niagara river, is about two miles below the Falls. Having examined the bridge, you will descend the bank of the river by a good carriage-road to the water's edge, where lies moored to the wharf the steamboat Maid of the Mist. Going on board, you will soon find yourself approaching the foot of the Falls. The view, as you proceed up the river, is grand, awful, sublime. The banks are precipices nearly two hundred feet high. The waters whirl and eddy around the boat. The winds, even on the calmest day, rush whistling down the chasm. The mist and spray fall on you like a summer shower, and drench you to the skin. But you will mind not all this, for your eye will be riveted on the dark green column of water, of a magnitude far beyond your grandest conceptions, tumbling

over the precipice. The gallant little boat will take you up alarmingly close to the cataract. Then it will gracefully turn on its course, and land you on the Canadian ferry wharf. Ascending the Canadian bank by a winding road, you will approach the table rock. From this place is presented the finest view of the Falls and rapids I have ever obtained. Remaining on this rock until you become satisfied with the view, if satisfied you ever can be with so sublime a scene, you will return to the ferry, and cross over to the American side. From the American ferry house walk up the river, cross over the bridge to Goat Island, and then proceed entirely around the Island, keeping the river always on your right. By this excursion you will obtain the finest and most varied views of the Falls and the rapids. The Island itself is beautiful, apart from its associations with the Falls and the rapids. You may meet, in your ramble, others on the same business as yourself; but your attention will be so occupied with the wonders of the place, that you would hardly recognize your own mother, should you unexpectedly meet her.

By the time you have returned to the hotel, you will have seen all of interest about the place, unless you go to the whirlpool several miles below, and will be ready to proceed on your journey. The railroad cars will take you to Lewistown, some nine or ten miles below the Falls. Here you will find waiting one of the Ontario and St. Lawrence steamboats. Of those now on the line the Ontario is the largest and finest. She is new, elegantly furnished, and well-officered and manned. A run of fifteen hours will take you to Oswego, where you will find time for a morning ramble over the city. After breakfast the noble steamer again fires up, and takes you down the lake by Sackett's Harbor, and over by Kingston, the former capital of Canada, and down the river through the thousand islands, arriving at Ogdensburg at evening. The steamer moors at the wharf till morning, and you sleep quietly in a commodious state-room. In the morning you will take a ramble over Ogdensburg, returning to the boat for breakfast.

After breakfast your baggage is conveyed to the Canadian steamboat, where you find the same sumptuous accommodations and polite attention, and are borne down the rapid river, arriving at Montreal before night. Steamboats easily descend but cannot ascend the St. Lawrence between Ogdensburg and Montreal. Returning, they have to go around the rapids by canal. At Montreal you will be again stunned by the incessant din of the hotel runners. There is a much-puffed house called Donegana's. The name will be sung by a thousand changes in your ears. I suspect, however, from what a fellow-traveler told me, that the chief recommendation of the house, like that of the Astor House at New York, is enormous charges. The Montreal House, kept by Mr. Fellers, an American, is as good as any house in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and the charges are within the



reach of persons of ordinary means. The house is commodiously situated, large, well-furnished, and kept by a gentleman who knows how to make his guests feel at home.

One day at Montreal will suffice to see the city, ascend the tower of the Cathedral, visit the nunnery, and ride around the mountain. If you choose to visit Quebec, the magnificent steamer lies within a stone's throw of the Montreal House, and will take you to Quebec in one night, give you all day to look at the city, and take you back to Montreal the next night. A railroad is now building from Montreal to Portland. When that is accomplished, the eastern traveler may go from the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic in a day, through the most romantic country on the continent. But at present the natural route from Montreal is south by Lake Champlain to Albany. By this route you leave Montreal in a steam ferry boat for La Prairie, a small village nearly opposite the city. Here you find the cars ready to take you by railroad over what they call a prairie, but what we of the west should hardly dignify with so great a name, to St. John's. This place is situated on a river of the same name, though sometimes called the Sorelle, being the outlet of Lake Champlain, as it flows into the St. Lawrence. A steamboat is waiting at St. John's to take you up the beautiful Champlain, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, to Whitehall. The scenery along Champlain is extremely beautiful. The Lake itself is one of the loveliest on earth. On the left, as you ascend, may be seen the Green Mountains of Vermont, and on the right, the chain called the Adirondach, lying along the head waters of the Hudson, in a wild and savage region, known only to the adventurous huntsman.

A part of the journey up the Lake, from Plattsburg to Whitehall, was performed in the night. This I regretted, as I was thereby obliged to pass much fine scenery, and several beautiful towns, particularly Burlington, without enjoying the pleasure which a daylight passage might afford. About midnight we were awakened from our slumbers by the sound of music. The deep tones of a full band were rising from the deck of the boat, and floating away over the Lake, on the still air of a summer night. The band proved to be one of the most celebrated in the city of New York. They came on board our boat at Burlington, having been up to attend the commencement at the University of Vermont. They accompanied us all the way to Troy, and added much to the pleasure of the journey.

At early morning we were aroused by the ringing of the bell, and the stentorian tones of some boatswain, and on arising found ourselves winding up a very deep, narrow, sluggish river, with ranges of high hills on both sides. In an hour or two we arrived at Whitehall, which lies at the head of steamboat navigation. The journey from Montreal to Whitehall may be made by daylight, and would be more agreeable. From Whitehall to Troy the

passage was made by canal. A railroad is nearly finished from Whitehall to Troy by Saratoga. The passage, however, by canal is very pleasant. Indeed, no part of the journey, from the western part of Indiana to the eastern part of Maine, was more agreeable than that from Whitehall to Troy. From Whitehall the canal runs along up a beautiful valley, through which flows a fine meandering stream. It then descends to the Hudson, and continues along the banks of this paragon of a river, amidst scenery for beauty unsurpassed in the world.

There are along this whole route historic associations, in which every traveler, even the child, if he has read American history, must be interested. The whole country, from the Atlantic at New York to the St. Lawrence at Montreal and Quebec, is historic ground. But especially may this be said of the region between the mouth of the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence. In early times, before the American soil was trodden by the foot of the European, the fierce nations of the Iroquois, inhabiting the rich valley of the Mohawk, and the powerful race of the Adirondachs, dwelling along the St. Lawrence, met in deadly strife along the shores of Champlain. The mountain defiles echoed with the war yell, the waters of the Lake were crimsoned with blood, and the beautiful valleys were defiled by the orgies of the victorious party returned from the slaughter. In process of time the rival nations of Europe, they who had been contending with short intermissions for many centuries, established a depot of their power, the one on the Hudson, the other on the St. Lawrence. The country between these streams was for many years the battle-ground between the French and the English. In these conflicts the French were defeated, and driven from this part of the continent. For a few years, and a few only, the valleys of the Hudson, the waters of Champlain, and the plains of the St. Lawrence had rest from war. The American Revolution, however, renewed the scenes of blood and carnage. The famous expedition of Burgoyne was made along this route, and the battle-ground of Saratoga is here. In later times, when, since my memory, the United States and England were arrayed in hostile attitude, this ground became again the scene of battle strife. One of the most terrible battles of the last war was fought on Champlain. But the war of the Revolution gave the most celebrity to this region. Who has not heard of Burgoyne, and Schuyler, and Gates, and Ticonderoga, and Stillwater, and Saratoga? Burgoyne was governor of Canada, and New York was in possession of the British general, Sir Henry Clinton. Burgoyne, at the head of a powerful army, attempted to make his way along Champlain and the Hudson, so as to meet the troops of Clinton from New York; and thus, by getting possession of the whole line, the British might effectually cut off all connection between New England and the American army in the south. This well-contrived project was defeated by the battles of Stillwater and of Saratoga.

Should ever again the great and powerful nations of England and America become involved in war, this beautiful country will again become a battlefield. The only easy communication between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic being along this route, it must always be the theatre of engagement in contests between the United States and the British possessions. But it is hoped war may never again occur between nations having so many reasons to keep peace.

But, reader, my space is full, and I must reserve some additional sketches and incidents of the present and the past, till we meet again.

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### TO MY MOTHER.

—  
BY OTWAY CURRY, ESQ.

My mother, though in darkness now  
The slumber of the grave is passed,  
Its gloom will soon be o'er, and thou  
Shalt break away at last,  
And dwell where neither grief nor pain  
Can ever reach thy heart again.

Sleep on—the cold and heavy hand  
Of Death has stilled thy gentle breast;  
No rude sound of this stormy land  
Shall mar thy peaceful rest:  
Undying guardians round thee close,  
To count the years of thy repose.

A day of the far years will break  
On every sea, and every shore,  
In whose bright morning thou shalt wake  
And rise, to sleep no more—  
No more to molder in the gloom  
And coldness of the desolate tomb.

I saw thy fleeting life decay,  
Even as a frail and withering flower,  
And vainly strove to while away  
Its swiftly closing hour:  
It came with many a thronging thought  
Of anguish ne'er again forgot.

In life's proud dreams I have no part—  
No share in its resounding glee:  
The musings of my weary heart  
Are in the grave with thee:  
There have been bitter tears of mine  
Above that lowly bed of thine.

It seems to my fond memory now  
As it had been but yesterday,  
When I was but a child, and thou  
Didst cheer me in my play,  
And in the evenings still and lone  
Didst lull me with thy music-tone.

And when the twilight hours begun,  
And shining constellations came,

Thou bad'st me know each mighty sun,  
And con its ancient name;  
For thou hadst learned their lore and light  
With watchings in the tranquil night.

And then when, leaning on thy knee,  
I saw them in their grandeur rise,  
It was a joy, in sooth, to me;  
But now the starry skies  
Seem holier grown, and doubly fair,  
Since thou art with the angels there.

The stream of life, with hurrying flow,  
Its course may bear me swiftly through;  
I grieve not, for I soon shall go,  
And by thy side renew  
The love which here for thee I bore,  
And never leave thy presence more.

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### TO AN INFANT.

—  
BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

SWEET innocent, the earliest dawn  
Of life is thine;  
Unconscious of its ills thou art;  
Its bliss thy pure and spotless heart  
May well enshrine.

We cannot trace the tiny thought  
That even now  
Within thy infant mind is wrought;  
We know with sin it staineth not  
Thy baby brow.

Fair bud, a mother's tireless care  
Encircleth thee;  
She watcheth every dimple fair;  
She gently smooths thy silken hair,  
And blesseth thee.

Thou knowest not the love that swells  
Within her heart,  
As on thy cherub charms she dwells,  
And listens while affection tells  
How dear thou art.

A parent's love! it is a gleam  
Of sacred light,  
That makes the world an Eden seem:  
Without its gentle, cheering beam,  
All would be night.

Sweet babe, the hand of Death may steal  
Thy smiles away;  
Yet, notwithstanding this, we feel  
The pearl the casket doth conceal  
Cannot decay.

It will exist, the spirit must:  
When 'neath the sod  
The soulless dust returns to dust,  
The mind immortal then, we trust,  
Will be with God.



## BEAUTY.

BY D. S. WELLING.

BEAUTY, in the popular sense, is a very indefinite thing. It is a matter of *taste*; and *taste*, in its selections, is a creature of education. Accordingly, as is early and mature education of individuals, so will be their judgment of what is beautiful. It is, therefore, a desideratum, in a good education, to give correct taste to the mind, so that a refined discrimination may be made between what is apparently and what is really beautiful. This is especially important, as pure morals and rational habits depend greatly upon the tastes of community. A vitiated taste accompanies, if it does not precede and contribute to, vitiated morals.

Liable to hasty and immature conclusions, the young are victims of a fond deception respecting the beautiful. Years of painful experience often fail to school them into pure notions of the beautiful. Indeed, hoary age is not unfrequently the suffering, degraded subject of a corrupted taste in things personal, social, and religious.

In this age of imported habits and foreign refinement, taste, among American youth, is sadly at fault, in relation to personal beauty and personal character. Hence the studied art, the volatile air, the chaffy literature, the love of fashion, the rage for fiction, and the neglect of what is solid and real. Hence, also, the wild romance, the moral madness, and fatal end of so many gay and thoughtless young men and ladies. But for the baneful influence of popular ignorance, corrupting example, and the unholy preferences of a corrupt taste, these same young people would discern the really beautiful, turn their love and aim accordingly, and rise to purity and happiness. The records of juvenile infamy and the ruinous melancholia of riper years, on the one hand, and the ennobling, saving power of truth and purity on the other, fully sustain the foregoing remarks. There are many young people, whose idea of the beautiful, in personal character, rises no higher than the rich and gaudy appearance of fashionable array and attractive demeanor. Hence, their taste veers with the ever-changing tide of the fickle current of fashion. That which, to them, is *the beautiful* in others, they eagerly aim to possess and exhibit in themselves. Thus, many a scion of a noble and useful man wastes his prime energies in toiling *down the slope* of a sure degradation, to win the unenviable character of a beautiful, alias, a fashionable young man. Such a one forgets, if he ever knew, that "*a pretty young man is despicable.*" And many a young lady, capable, with a pure taste and exalted aim, of becoming an ornament to her sex, and a matron of holy example, looks no higher than the acquisition of parlor refinement and magnificent array. What a pity, that woman, the angel of social bliss, should thus become the greedy destroyer of her own happiness, and live so far below her lofty sphere!

Ornamental or artificial beauty is mere embellishment, and is neither substantial nor satisfying. Real beauty must be inherent or natural. A beautiful tree is such naturally, and not by art. A beautiful picture must be beautiful in itself. It cannot be made beautiful merely by its covering and frame-work. A beautiful idea consists not in the language through which it is conveyed. Its beauty is in the splendid thought itself. Real beauty of person and character, therefore, is not found in "costly array;" for this, at best, is only an external and occasional accompaniment. Nor is it found in wealth or position; for these are as precarious as the bubble, and serve often only to deform, while that which is essential to beauty in one, is essential in all, and if essential to-day is always essential, and can, at no time, or in any one, produce deformity. Neither is beauty located in mere form and feature—in the sparkling eye, rosy cheek, and ruby lips. All this may be spoiled in a moment by the "spirit-shadows" passing over the face, converting it into positive deformity.

Real beauty has its source in a pure heart, and is the offspring of "undefiled religion." To examine minutely the elements of beauty in a truly beautiful person, it will be seen that they are the *expression* of religion in the soul. There can be no true beauty without real meekness, humility, and benevolence. Envy and scorn, the opposites of meekness, are elements of deformity. Pride, the opposite of humility, is positive ugliness. Selfishness, the opposite of benevolence, is an effectual obscuration of beauty. All these—meekness, humility, and benevolence—are the fruits of religion, and the constituents of beauty. Nor can they exist, in beautiful reality, in the soul, independent of religion. Philosophy, no less than experience and observation, attests the truth of the foregoing remarks; for it is a fact that the mind will leave its impress on the face. It is a trite adage, that the "face is the index of the soul." A deformed, unregenerate soul, will be indicated by a deformed face, or countenance, excepting where studied art draws a curtain over the features. There cannot be a beautiful face without a beautiful soul. Solomon, the great inspired philosopher of antiquity, says, "A man's wisdom [religion] maketh his face to shine, and the boldness [want of beauty] of his face shall be changed." Thus, under the mild and ennobling influence of piety, beauty will appear in admirable loveliness.

The conduct of the life, also, is made beautiful, not by arbitrary rules of etiquette, and studied demeanor, but by the principles of true politeness, which are the principles of pure Christianity. A life uncontrolled by the influences of the Gospel, is a life of *rudeness*, however accordant with the artificial laws of popular manners. But religion refines and beautifies the countenance and life of its happy possessors, whether they move in the vale of poverty, or in the halls of affluence. The very essence of beauty is the "beauty of holiness."

## A VISIT TO THE FATI GARDENS.

BY REV. H. HICKOX.

THESE are extensive and celebrated nursery gardens, lying on the Pearl river, near the city of Canton. They are interesting places of resort, and from them the verandas of the wealthy Chinese, and of the foreign residents in the city, are periodically supplied with plants, some blooming with flowers, and others laden with curious fruit. Amateur florists and horticulturists have, at different times, made extensive selections from these gardens for botanical collections in Europe. But it has been found very difficult to transfer the flora of China to foreign countries. Neither the plants of the northern nor of the southern provinces can bear the unfavorable atmospheric influences to which they are exposed on a long voyage at sea; however, some Chinese plants have been transferred to the soils of England and America, and extensively distributed.

One fine day, during our sojourn in Canton, Rev. Mr. M. and myself accompanied a small party of the missionaries up the river to these places of flowers. It was in the midst of the New-Year's festivities, and, by design, on a special day of these festivities, when large numbers of Chinese from city and country visit the gardens in their holyday attire.

We employed a *sampan*, with a neat deck cabin, just large enough to contain our small party. Before we could get out into the stream we had to make our course, and that by the ingenious manœuvre on the part of our boatmen, through the crowded river-city. In some sections the larger boats are arranged in regular rows, forming passages that resemble streets, in which innumerable small boats are continually plying. In other parts vessels great and small are mixed up in ever-moving and mingling multitudes, and a stranger wonders how there can be any escape from such an interminable mass; but the Chinese are the best boatmen in the world; and, though there is always a brawl of words, there is seldom a dangerous collision. Finally we emerged from the crowd and confusion into more open waters, but still found the river alive with boats.

Near the city were large rafts of bamboo, of all sizes and lengths, placed regularly in large, deep packs, which had been floated down the river with the homes of the rafters upon them. The bamboo is one of the most useful productions of China. It is used for a vast variety of purposes, being the ready material for tents, columns, fences, framework of houses, scaffolding, and boating-poles. The stringy, tough bark, is made into ropes; the inside into pulp, for paper. It is split up for the innumerable baskets of all kinds, which are so common and so useful in China. The young, tender shoot, is boiled and eaten as our asparagus, and sometimes made into sweet-meats. Some varieties of it, especially the black, are made into handsome furniture. The agriculturist uses it for making many of his

implements; and by removing the joints in the tubes he has pipes large and small for his extensive system of irrigation. Beside the silex of the external covering, this plant sometimes secretes the same substance in the hollow of the stem, called *tabasheer*, which is an article of Chinese *materia medica*. All trades would be at an utter loss without it; and it is not strange that they think our country extremely poor when told that it does not produce the bamboo!

The view from the open river was exceedingly picturesque. Behind us were the great cities of the land and of the river; on either side was spread out the low, richly-cultivated soil, with here and there a clump of bamboo or a banyan; and in the distance, in several directions, were the blue hills of *Kwang Tung*. All around us were animation and interest; but, alas! every thing bore the impress of heathenism. The degrading, heartless idolatries of the people were everywhere thrust upon our attention. Here was life, but it was Pagan life. Here was enjoyment, but it was sensual and trifling. The scene on the shore was indicative of industry, but it was the industry of ignorance. How different from similar rivers in a Christian land! Here were no neat, smiling cottages; no beautiful villas, showing refinement and elevated enjoyment. Nowhere could be seen intimations of a civilization like that which the Gospel has given to America and England; but all is under the curse of superstition. It is folly to boast of the so-called civilization of China, when its social condition is so degraded, and wanting so much in the elements of improvement.

In a short time we were sailing into a creek, which enters the main river near the gardens; and, landing, we were soon winding our way among the crowds of Chinese who thronged the avenue in front of the garden walls, where were numerous shops and booths of confectioners and fruiterers. We of course attracted great attention, especially as we had in our party an American lady, who was to the Chinese the greatest imaginable curiosity. We were everywhere followed by crowds of idlers, who proved to be very much in our way, and prevented our examining, as we would, the various objects of interest. Passing some distance up between the creek and over the side-walks, and meeting several Chinese ladies tottering on their little feet, we came, at length, to the entrance of the western garden, and immediately found ourselves in the midst of a most attractive scene.

We did not stop long to examine, but were conducted on with some haste from garden to garden, through many flowery walks, by beautiful summer-houses, and across zigzag bridges, built over artificial pools of water, all of which were arranged in the true Chinese style, which, in such matters, is quite pleasing. The collection of flowers and curiously-trained shrubs and fruit, cultivated in tulip-shaped jars, and made to grow in artificial forms, were certainly novel and interesting.



One of the most enchanting scenes was that of the splendid pavilions built and decorated after the finest style of Chinese architecture, standing in the midst of placid sheets of water, and approached by gay, winding bridges, and all set off by a suitable arrangement of flowers and shrubs.

Chinese architecture has its most appropriate place in a garden. Here its extreme lightness, and gaudy colors, and flowing outlines, are delightfully in keeping with every thing around. We had before us a perfectly unique scene, all making, by such evident adaptation and blending of forms, a charming unity: the airy, tent-like summer-houses showing the pastoral origin of their architecture, with their curved and gayly-colored roofs, the doors, and windows, and columns, ornamented with a variety of fret-work, all gilded and painted, the inside gaudily frescoed and lined with the finest of their plants; the light, picturesque bridges; the artificial streams of water, reflecting the charms above them; the mimic cascades; the singularly-looking people, in their peculiar costume; the curious shrubs and fruit, and beautiful flowers, arranged to give harmony and perfection to the whole; and, above all, and among all, the mellow radiance of the sun, decking the whole with loveliness, made the whole scenery exceedingly pleasing.

The dwarfed fruit and other trees constitute much of the attraction of Chinese gardens. This is an art of the florist which is much practiced, and is highly esteemed. These present to the stranger a great novelty. Here are growing, in jars, forest trees not more than two feet high, which have all the appearance of most venerable age. When it is desired to have a dwarf fruit tree, a branch full of blossoms is girdled, and rich loam is then bound about the branch on the naked wood; this is kept moist, and when the radicles have shot out into the soil, and the fruit is ripe, the branch is severed from the tree and placed in a shallow pot; and then, with trimming, it becomes a miniature tree, laden with fruit.

Ancient forest trees, in miniature, however, display the most ingenuity. The elm is generally used for this purpose, though not always. After the limb is girdled, and the bare wood covered with earth, which is bound on with matting, and kept always moist, the twigs are then made to grow to answer their design by fastening them in proper positions with bits of twine. After the branch is severed from the tree, and planted to become the trunk of the little tree, its branches are then prepared by bending, cutting, burning, and grafting, to resemble the old tree of the forest. The bark is smeared with some sweet substance, which attracts the ants, so that a bark is produced, which looks as if it had stood the sun and storms of a century. To assist the dwarfing, a scanty supply of earth and water is given to the roots, which also causes the leaves soon to assume a small size. To complete the illusion, miniature rocks, covered with moss, lie scattered about the roots of the ancient trees.

The small, artificial precipices, with the water falling over them, also aid in setting off the scene. These are made of angular pieces of granite, cemented together in imitation of Nature's more extensive cataracts. With the little old trees artfully arranged about them, these cascades make a pleasing part of the garden scenery.

Another curiosity to us was the numerous "vegetable animals" which were everywhere presented to view. The Chinese gardener has great skill in training certain species of shrubs to resemble deer, elephants, oxen, fish, pagodas, and other objects of nature and art. These, to the stranger, are interesting objects, found in all Chinese gardens. They are not mere thick shrubs, sheared off to certain patterns, like a border of box, or a hedge row; but they are hollow, and the vine-like branches and tendrils are taught to grow so as to picture to the eye, in fine proportions, the design of the artist.

We did not visit the gardens in the month of the greatest charm. At such times, it is said, there is a splendid profusion of the richest bloom—purple, white, and red mingle, to invest the whole with striking beauty. Different varieties of the rose, and of the variegated camellia, with some other flowers, however, gave richness to the deeper green. I recognized several of the plants as old friends; but, from a rapid survey, they appeared to be mostly unlike the objects of the American nursery-man's care.

It struck me that there was too much of the artificial here to make the gardens continually attractive to a just taste. Much of the arrangement displayed a taste too finical, where nature ought to be supposed to be the chief attraction. I think the finest gardens of our own country must, on the whole, be pronounced superior productions of true floriculture—where the graveled walk winds among beautifully traced parterres, filled with rich shrubbery and flowers, growing luxuriantly in the native soil, with here and there a fine shading tree adorning the whole, with its deep foliage, and, perhaps, mellow fruit; and everywhere apparent just enough of art to assist nature and develop its loveliness, and not enough anywhere to hide it, and thus spoil the effect. In our gardens at home we have less of art, but more of lovely, ever-varying nature. And it is nature I love.

We left the gardens highly pleased with our visit. As we turned our backs upon the pleasure-seeking crowd, the thought that they had all around them the proof of the existence of the all-wise and beneficent God, and yet knew him not, was indeed painful. Some of our party scattered a few tracts among them, and then we left them, longing to be able soon to tell some of their countrymen about the Savior, and the blessed world where

"Everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

—♦♦♦—  
"INDECISION," says Dr. Paley, "keeps the door ajar, but decision shuts and bolts it."

## "I AM BLIND."

BY REV. D. M. GUNING.

By the side-walk sits an old man, whose bent form, and furrowed cheeks, and long white locks, plainly tell that time has been doing its work upon him, and his thread-bare garments say that poverty is his earthly inheritance. In his hand he holds a little box, with some trifling articles for sale, and a few pennies, which have been given him. Hundreds pass by him without noticing that he is there; yet some little boy or girl pauses occasionally to observe him, and one out of a thousand drops a penny in his box. Suspended from his neck is a piece of board, with the inscription, "I AM BLIND."

Those who pass feel at perfect liberty to make what reflections and remarks seem to them most natural; and one is heard to question the propriety of his begging by the way-side; one thinks he might obtain a livelihood in some other way; another would drop a small piece of money in his box, but for the thought that he *may* have enough in his possession already, and will be comfortable without it, and, therefore, that mite may be given to some one more needy; and then, too, there are institutions for the blind—can't he go there? There are alms-houses for the destitute—would he not be provided for there? The authorities should see that no one suffers from actual want, and certainly he will be taken care of. It is conjectured by some that his mind must be busily occupied in the most gloomy reflections, while he contrasts his own with the condition of the moving multitude that throng him; while others think that he may spend his days as pleasantly as thousands who are blessed with sight.

Passing by these remarks and conjectures, it may do us good to stop a few minutes and look at the blind man. There he sits, day after day, in the midst of the busy throng, enjoying but little of society or conversation, save that now and then some curious lad stops to inquire if he cannot see at all—how long he has been blind—whether it does not render him unhappy; and if he would not like to see. There he sits, gazed at, but unable to gaze in turn; and in that situation he has long been, in a kind of noisy solitude, unblest by the beams of day.

They tell him of things beautiful, of delightful scenery, of neat appearances; they inform him that the grass is green, the sky is blue, that fire is red; yet what idea can be given him of color, since his vision has always been obscured? It is true that some blind persons imagine there exists an analogy between certain sounds and colors. A writer of the present day, who has been deprived of sight since he was six weeks old, remarks that he associates blue with the sound of a flute; violet with the violin; crimson with the clarinet; black with the bass viol; brown with the bassoon; yellow, which

color he imagines he dislikes, with the trombone; the deepest red with the sound of the trumpet, and pink with the soft notes of the bugle. Persons favored with sight are not, however, apt to imagine such a resemblance to exist between color and sound. We may suppose there exists in some department of nature colors entirely different from those with which we are familiar; but of their appearance we have no clearer idea than of inhabitants who may dwell on Jupiter's moons. Nor is it likely that the blind man has any *correct* notion how, in appearance or color, the leaf differs from the flower, having no means of ascertaining. There are no clear windows, through which his spirit may look out upon the beautiful world which he inhabits; hence no forms of regularity or variety from the material world enter to impress their figure upon his soul, unless, perchance, their shape and dimensions are judged of by feeling. He must plod on his journey through life just as he commenced, in darkness; not even aided by a candle, or delighted by the glimmer of a single star. The gay colorings which delight others he knows nothing of; yet we are not to suppose him the most unhappy of human beings. Far from it. Numbers there have been, who,

"Full many a year, have groped their way,  
Unaided by the light of day."

Yet they have possessed a world within their own minds, and a kind of inward perception, which has enabled them to review that world. The solar light they have never seen; yet the light of thought, the light of truth, has entered their souls, and they have been delighted with its steady blaze.

That unfortunate class of our fellow-beings whose lot has always been to feel their way through life, have been favored with a partial compensation, or, at least, with advantages which those do not commonly acquire who are blessed with sight. Their sense of touch becomes extremely sensitive; their faculties for reflection being frequently exercised, become a source of amusement and of pleasure to them. They possess a wonderful power of concentration and of memory, and, above all, their capacity for drinking in the melody of sweet sounds affords them no trifling enjoyment:

"The sweet, the heavenly music  
That, as they sit alone,  
Comes to their inward sense as clear  
As if the angel voices were  
Singing with harp and dulcimer  
Before the mighty throne:

It is not as of outward sound  
Of breeze or singing bird,  
But wondrous melody refined,  
A gift of God unto the blind,  
An inward harmony of mind,  
By inward senses heard."

When born blind, or when deprived of sight quite early in life, as a class, they are blessed with an uncommon *cheerfulness* of disposition, and a *contentment* of mind. They seldom speak of their misfortunes, or refer to their deprivation of sight,



unless driven to it by destitution or by the intrusions of the inquisitive. Talk to them of the social virtues, of domestic felicity, of scientific pursuits, or of the wonders of creation, and you cannot suit them better. While contemplating such subjects they are far more contented than they would be in dwelling on the dark pictures of human misery.

It is undoubtedly a mistake that their contentment arises from an unconsciousness of the magnitude of their misfortune. They realize, they keenly feel their deprivation, especially when the demands of necessity appeal to them for exertions which they cannot easily make. Still there is no remedy, and they quietly submit to a condition which they *would*, but which they *cannot* change. That they are generally of a happy turn of mind is evident to all who are conversant with them; and at this we cease to wonder, when we reflect that happiness comes from the *internal*, instead of the *external* world. From their condition they are accustomed to revolve in their minds such subjects as are interesting, and as keep them busy; so that they are not as much of the time unemployed as they seem to be. Very different is it with numbers who grow sad under the smiles of prosperity, wonder why a superabundance does not yield them the contentment for which they sigh, and spend their lives complaining, because they have nothing else to do. It might be well for such persons, who have eyes with which to see, to look upon the blind and be instructed. They will see some of them, with a nobleness of soul that is highly commendable, rising above their misfortune, triumphing over circumstances, and smiling when fortune sternly frowns.

It is not a little surprising how some, who, for the want of sight, are thus shut out of the world, but who, by industry and perseverance, have pushed their way through it, and excelled in art and science multitudes who have been favored with all their senses.

Nicholas Sanderson, who was deprived of sight when he was only a year old, became a thorough scholar, understood the Latin, Greek, and English languages well, was a proficient in music, and an excellent mathematician.

Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet of Scotland, portrayed the beauties of nature as if he was accustomed to look upon its delineations, though he lost his sight when six months old.

Laura Bridgman, though blind, and deaf, and dumb, shows that she possesses a soul capable of improvement and of acquiring knowledge—a mind endowed with the social feelings in a peculiar degree, which she delights in exercising toward those who surround her.

Oliver Caswell, too, who cannot hear, speak, or see, makes progress in knowledge, communicates his thoughts to others, delights in knowing that his friends are pleased, is fond of odors, and takes satisfaction in various amusements, and in being approbated for doing well.

The yearly exhibitions of pupils attending the

institutions for the blind, show how difficulties may be overcome, how skill and knowledge may be acquired, and again communicated to others, even where the gift of sight has been withheld.

In all ages of the world, too little sympathy has been felt, too little benevolence exercised toward the blind. They have been a neglected class, left to feel their way in the dark—in most instances poor, because they could not be otherwise—obliged to beg by the way-side, or to live on the fragments of cold charities which they sought from door to door; whereas, their very misfortunes should have excited commiseration and kindness among those who have been blessed with the light of heaven; and, instead of their being neglected, they should have been led, clothed, fed, and taught, seeing they are capable of learning.

The Lacedemonians destroyed their blind in their infancy, the Carthaginians burnt theirs with a slow fire; but Christianity has wrought wonders for the benefit of this unfortunate class of mankind, in exciting an interest in their behalf, in supplying them with advantages for acquiring a liberal and a useful education, so that, from the asylum, they may go out into the wide world, and successfully contend with the difficulties under which their blindness places them.

If that care were exercised over them, if that benevolence and kindness were extended to them which their condition demands, and which Christianity enjoins, not a blind person in our land would be left destitute, or *obliged* to sit by the way-side, wearing the pitiful inscription, "I AM BLIND."

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

FROM A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.

SIR,—I address myself to the "Ladies' Repository" on the first day of the new year, with many good wishes for its continued success and prosperity; and though a month will have elapsed before this reaches you, let me hope that it will not be too late for yourself, and the readers of your magazine, to accept the compliments of the season from one whose heart is with her friends and countrymen to-day, though many a weary mile of land and water lies between.

It is my purpose to give you a series of letters upon Paris—its churches and palaces, its superb and beautiful collections of ancient and modern art, its schools and charitable institutions, and the manners and customs of its people. All this, it is true, has been written about hundreds of times already; and it may seem, at first view, a waste of time for me to go over again the same ground so many have described before me; but in this great centre of French and continental intellect and manners, in this vast city of the Gauls, its monuments and numberless places of historical association, there must always remain enough that is interesting to occupy the

thoughts and pen of a traveler, and be agreeable to his readers.

First, however, I wish to introduce to your notice the magnificent Cathedral of the place in which I reside, and which few Americans probably have ever visited. By many persons it is thought superior to any in Paris. Built in the thirteenth century, its sculptured walls attest the faith that was felt at that period—a faith whose visible presence yet remains. The imposing front of the church is divided into five parts, which correspond with the five naves, and which are entered by five doors, whose deep arches are surmounted by gable-ends, formerly terminated by statues. At the right and left two towers rise, that of the middle being supported by an enormous mass attached to the front by a buttress of rather bad taste. The other tower, however, is of rare elegance, being decorated with stone lace-work, to correspond with the arches that support the walls, which have a light, airy appearance almost impossible to associate with the great strength they must necessarily possess. One of the most beautiful towers is called the Butter Tower, because it was paid for by the redemption of the rigors of Lent. The principle door gives entrance to the middle nave by two arched doors separated by a pier, which supports a fine statue of Christ treading under his feet ministers of the infernal regions. In one hand he holds a book, while the other is stretched forth in the action of blessing. The bay of each door, constructed by a molding of books, is divided into seven lobes by arches terminated by little heads. Above these ornaments there is an elegant frieze of foliage, of animals, and of embellished corners. It is above this frieze that is seen the remarkable frame on which has been sculptured the representation of the last judgment. The scene is divided into three parts, one above another. In the lowest is described the resurrection of the dead. Some are in the act of raising the stone which covers them, others have already come forth, and others stand midway in their graves. The cadaverous appearance of some, the fright and astonishment depicted on their countenances, is all represented with as much excellence of execution as possible. Above this is the judgment and its execution. An angel stands holding the terrible balance in one hand, and with the other disputes the souls with the demons, who are seen tugging and pulling at all whose places are destined for the right hand. Abraham sits in a large chair with his *apron full* of infants, which show their heads like so many birds in a nest. St. Peter stands ready to usher the happy into paradise. On the left of the angel, demons, of the most singular and ridiculous forms and hideous faces, precipitate the condemned into the gulf of their infernal abode. There they are seen, some rolling about in the flames, some stretching forth their hands for mercy, while others gnash their teeth in a boiling cauldron stirred by the pitchforks of numerous demons. Above all this is represented paradise, where Christ sits upon

a throne, watching the events below him. His arms are open, and at his feet kneel his mother and St. John, imploring his clemency. Four angels hold at his sides the instruments of the passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, the nails, the spear, and the sponge, whilst, above him, celestial spirits direct the course of the sun and moon, or are worshipping him.

When we consider that all these figures are well sculptured, and seem each separate from the other, we wonder at the patience and ingenuity of those who executed them. The other doors are all finely sculptured, one representing scenes from the Old and New Testaments, another the death and assumption of the Virgin Mary, and another the life of St. William. On the right and left of the grand door are two pieces of sculpture, one representing the Virgin with her Son, the other the adoration of the wise men.

Entering within the sanctuary an awe steals over the visitor at the vast silence of its vaults, the height and boldness of its columns, and the immense space into which the light enters, mellowed by the richly-painted windows. How imagination itself is crushed in this gigantic building! The vaults of the nave are supported by sixty columns, some of which are seventeen metres high. The chapels which surround the church are variously ornamented, some with good statues, others very fantastically. Over one of the entrances is an old clock of 1423, which marks the course of the sun and moon. The windows describe various scenes. One represents the birth of Christ, and John the Baptist presenting to him the founder of one of the chapels. Another represents John introducing into paradise a family of nine persons, also founders of a chapel. Another describes the education of the Virgin Mary, which, from this, seems to have been as complicated as that of a modern lady. The chancel and altar are very richly decorated, the altar being ascended by steps of the purest marble. I have often thought that one prays with deeper reverence at a shrine hallowed by many prayers. For long, long years these dim-lit aisles, whose stained windows fling so many rainbow tints around, have echoed to the voice of prayer and praise. At twilight's dusky hour how many a vesper hymn has risen to heaven, bearing life's meaner cares away! How many a poor heart, then grown nearer to God, has laid down its burden of sin before this altar! While I stood there, the organ's deep music rocked the ancient towers, and, as the bells tolled, high and low obeyed the summons, and flocked to the church.

Beneath the Cathedral is a subterranean church, one of the most beautiful of the middle ages, remarkable for its vast dimensions and the boldness of its architecture. Many a statue, and many a tablet, here records the lives of those whose good deeds obtained for them the privilege of being buried beneath the Cathedral. The quiet and chilliness of the place impressed me with sadness rather than calm. The cold, gray light, for the windows let in



daylight, but not sunshine, showed the white floor marked by inscriptions, which told that the living trod over the dead. I looked on them and thought how they had once been wept over, and with a sigh turned to examine a small chapel containing a sculptured group representing the burial of Christ. The semi-obscurity into which this is thrown gives it an exceedingly fine effect.

Attached to the Cathedral is the Archbishop's palace and garden, the latter of which is thrown open to the public, and forms a delightful promenade.

There are several old and exceedingly fine churches in this place. Of one of them is told the miracle which perhaps you have heard. One Peter Guyard, a Jew, having undertaken a religious discussion with St. Antoine, was warmly urged to be converted to the Christian faith. At the end of the arguments, the Hebrew declared he would not do it until he saw his mule adore the holy sacrament. The saint presented the Host to the animal, which immediately fell on its knees. This convinced his master, who was baptized, and built the church which now bears his name. A picture over the entrance preserves this "remarkable fact."

The Catholic religion is full of these legends and miracles. You meet them in every church you enter, where they are described in all their variations by paintings and sculpture. Every body, perhaps, does not know the legend of the statue of Notre-Dame de Lorette, and of the house which inclosed it. This house was transported, it is said, by angels, from Nazareth to Dalmatia, from Dalmatia to Venice, from Venice in the field of a lady of the diocese of Rocascati, named Lorette or Laurette, from whom the Madonna has taken the name, and it arrived at last at the place where it is now, at five leagues from Ancove. Father Turselin, a Jesuit, has written a history of the *Santa Casa* or Holy House. The chamber which is the object of universal veneration is that where, according to a great number of authors, the Virgin Mary was born, where she was married to Joseph, and where took place the sublime mysteries of the annunciation, and of the incarnation of the Son of God. As for the statue, it passes for the work of St. Luke, and it is made of the wood of cedar. During Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy, in 1796, and his operations against Piedmont, he received a singular instruction from the Directory in regard to Notre-Dame de Lorette. The instruction, dated April 12, was as follows:

"Genoa cannot be more than forty-five leagues from Lorette. Can you not carry away the Casa Santa, and the treasures which superstition has accumulated in it during fifteen centuries? They are valued at ten millions sterling. Ten thousand men, secretly sent, adroitly conducted, would accomplish such an enterprise with the greatest facility. There exists one difficulty: the route is not direct, and it would be necessary to pass by the Appenines. However, with boldness, not in the execution, which requires little or none, but in the project, you will make a most admirable financial operation, and

which will do no body any harm but a few monks. Ten thousand men would suffice for this enterprise. Their disguised march would insure success: in case of need the army would second them."

The Directory, in writing this letter, which contains as much absurdity as phrases, had not thought, in forming this avaricious project, how inopportune it was to propose to Bonaparte an expedition into the heart of Italy, and the sacrifice of two-thirds of the army, when he was still outside the frontiers of Piedmont.

Ten months afterward, the tenth of February, 1797, when the possession of the Peninsula was assured by the taking of Mantua, the Casa Santa fell into the power of the French, and Gen. Victor occupied Lorette. The Vatican had prudently caused the treasure of this church, which had been enriched during so many centuries by the liberality of the Christian world, to be concealed. It had, however, left the statue, the Virgin of miracles, she to whom belonged the treasures and the Holy House.

Bonaparte thought it a good joke to send to the Directory the wooden statue, a simple and useless trophy, with which its fiscal avidity was not likely to be much pleased. It was the tenth Frimaire, year 7, that the keepers of the Cabinet of Medals, received the following letter:

*"The Minister of the Interior to the Keepers of the National Library:*

"CITIZENS,—I advise you that I have charged the members of the Council of Preservation, to send to you the Madonna of Lorette to be added to the curious monuments of superstition, and to serve to complete the history of religious impostures.

"Health and fraternity,

"FRANCIS DE NEUFCHATEAU."

This celebrated monument of ignorance and the most absurd superstition, represents the Virgin, crowned, standing, holding her Son on her left arm. The head of each is painted black. It is of wood, covered with a linen cloth pasted all over the group, painted in divers colors, and gilded. Its height is a little more than a metre. It remained exposed in the Cabinet of Medals for several years, placed on a mummy case, at the height of about six feet. A public day never passed without many of the faithful visiting this statue, and raising themselves on the point of their feet to touch some part of it, or adorn it with chaplets of flowers.

When Bonaparte, first Consul, had re-established the Catholic worship, and the relics, carried away from the churches during the Revolution, were restored to them in the month of "Frimaire, year 13," the Pope reclaimed the holy statue of Lorette. It was put into the hands of his Charge d'Affaires, and a receipt asked for; but this receipt was refused by the Charge d'Affaires of His Holiness. It remained then in the Cabinet until an order from the government arrived to restore it purely and simply without a receipt. Replaced in the Santa Casa, it has remained since then the object of public veneration.

*Bourges, France, January 1, 1849.*

## LETTERS OF AN INVALID.

NUMBER II.

BY AN INVALID.

DEAR READER, through the mercy of God, the invalid lives; and, although still unfit for the toil of battle, he takes great delight in marking the movements of the hosts who battle for the universal triumphs of truth and righteousness. The age calls loudly for prompt action and an enlarged Christian liberality. The world presents one vast field, ripe for the moral sickle, and waving a welcome to the reaper's gathering hand. Political revolutions are going forth to dig the channels into which Christian enterprise is to pour the waters of life, to fertilize the nations, and redeem them to God. We want thousands of Bibles, and hundreds of missionaries, for France alone. Sick of her monarchy, and disgusted at her Catholicism, she is fixing her anxious gaze upon pure Christianity, and stretching forth an imploring hand for the Bible of God. The spirit of civil liberty—the first-born child of our Protestant Christianity—is moving the hearts of her masses, and we are to see to it that her sunny vales, and vine-covered hills, become as the garden of the Lord. Gentle reader, would you aid this nation, just merging into solid republicanism, or verging to the vortex of anarchy, send her no streaming banner, to excite the spirit of war, but the Bible and the Christian teacher, who “in pathways of pleasure, by streams of salvation, her children shall lead.” These, by the blessing of Heaven, shall realize more than the fable of Amphion's lyre, and raise, of the stones of the French deserts, temples for the living God. These will give stability and perpetuity to her young republic, enlighten and purify her degraded millions, and send coursing through the whole national heart the solid joys of a new and spiritual life.

And what France wants is the world's only redemption. It is not rebellion, and strife, but a pure Christianity, which is to lift up fallen and despairing Ireland; for this alone will enable her to discover and break the cruel chains with which a degraded priesthood have so long linked her to poverty and crime. Throwing off the iron yoke of a tyrannical Pontificate, it shall yet roll back, like a succession of brilliant sunbeams, the former virtue and glory of lovely Italy, and make her free and happy. In its all-conquering mission, the Gospel shall yet dethrone every tyrant, civilize every barbarian, liberate every slave, and, binding the nations in the golden chain of brotherhood, make mankind what Heaven designed they should be, the servants of God, and the friends of the race. Backed by the Holy Spirit, it shall cast every form of government, every branch of learning, and every science, in the Gospel mold, and stereotype, for the glory of God and the bliss of earth, universal mind. Then shall the solitary place be glad, the wilderness bud, and the desert bloom.

## SLEEP, MOTHER.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

SLEEP, mother! By thy lowly bed  
Our father dear is laid,  
And our young brother rests his head  
There, 'neath the cedar shade.

The flowers we planted by their graves  
By thine as sweetly bloom,  
And the young aspen softly waves,  
Mid zephyrs' sweet perfume.

The breath of even softly sighs  
Above thy dreamless sleep,  
And dews, like tears from angel eyes,  
Above thee silent weep.

The moon shines calmly o'er thy rest,  
And stars with paler light,  
Like guardian spirits of the blest,  
Look thro' the dreamy night.

Birds warble in the sunny grove,  
Glad songs the fresh air fill,  
And all the tones that thou didst love  
Are breathing round thee still.

But we, the dear and lov'd ones, whom  
Thou reard'st with so much care,  
Tho' all things else are round thy tomb,  
Not one of us is there;

For we are scattered wide and far;  
Tho' closely linked in heart,  
We mingle not our sorrows there,  
But weep for thee apart.

Thou who didst hover o'er our beds,  
And learn us early prayers;  
Didst smooth the pillows 'neath our heads,  
And banish all our fears—

Dost thou, in thy far home above,  
Still care for us beneath?  
For surely yet we share a love  
That was not chilled by death.

If to the one most far from home,  
And most oppressed with care,  
A guardian angel thou dost come,  
Dear mother, thou art here.

O God! we worship thee above,  
For all thy mercies given;  
But most for our dear mother's love—  
A mother now in heaven.

## FRIENDSHIP.

O FRIENDSHIP! if my soul forego  
Thy dear delights while here below;  
—To mortify and grieve me,  
May I myself at last appear  
Unworthy, base, and insincere,  
Or may my friend deceive me.



## A MOONLIGHT VISIT.\*

BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

GENTLE READER, I have now arrived at the most pleasing, yet difficult part of my self-imposed task, to record some brief reminiscences, awakened by the "Moonlight Visit," as connected with the close of the ministerial career and last hours of the Rev. Wm. B. Christie. It is an exceedingly *difficult* task to determine what points to touch, or what to narrate or select, out of so *many* incidents, that would be the most interesting and profitable to the fair readers of the Repository. The room allowed for such sketches is quite too small; it would require the space allotted to all the contributors of this most excellent periodical throughout an entire volume, to do full justice to the memory of the deceased. But it is a most pleasing reflection, that we are speaking of one whose "*witness is in heaven,*" and whose "*record is on high.*"

Rev. Wm. B. Christie was born at Williamsburg, Clermont county, O., September 2, 1803. I have no means of information relative to his early history. He embraced religion while a youth, and was for some time a student at Augusta College, Ky. In the twenty-third year of his age he was admitted on trial in the Ohio annual conference, and appointed to Union circuit in 1825; 1826, Piqua; 1827, Zanesville station; 1828, Zanesville circuit; 1829, Cincinnati; 1830, Lebanon; in 1831 and 1832, Wooster district, O.; 1833, Lebanon district; 1834, Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati; 1835-6-7-8, Cincinnati district; 1839-40 to Urbana, where he closed his itinerant labors.

He died in Cincinnati, March 24, 1842. His whole life was one of extensive usefulness to the Church of God; but, as the last rays of the setting sun surpass in loveliness all its noonday splendors, so the *last hours* of brother C., while in affliction, shone out with a brighter radiance than at the zenith of his career while in health.

In the summer of 183— I was present at Olive Branch camp meeting, where I heard him preach one of his most powerful and effective discourses from these words: "But we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed unto the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." At the close of that sermon he was taken home sick with an afflictive disease, which proved to be the forerunner of another more painful malady, and which finally terminated his earthly existence. He became a great sufferer, yet patient and resigned to the will of his heavenly Father.

In 1839 he left the Cincinnati district, being no longer able to travel on horseback, and was appointed to Urbana station, with the view of recruiting his health. I heard but little from him during the winter; and, as the spring approached, I wrote

him a letter inquiring more particularly about the state of his health. Soon afterward I received an answer, from which I will make a few extracts:

"Urbana, February 15, 1841.

"MY DEAR MACK,—You know, when I am in health, I have a strong aversion to the pen, and every thing that looks like writing. This is increased ten-fold when prostrated by disease. My excuse, then, for not sooner answering your looked-for and esteemed favor, is that, at the time of its reception, and most of the time since, I have been scarcely able to crawl about. Some six weeks since I was seized with a violent cold, which, in one day, threw me almost aside; and for three weeks I had frequent chills and slight fever, which has reduced me lower than I have been since my last summer's sickness. For the last ten days I have been slowly recruiting, and am again tolerably comfortable.

"The winter has not produced that reaction in my system which I had anticipated, and I have been most of the time very feeble. In December I had about one-third of that part of the soft palate which projects over the tongue removed; that relieved my throat, and was, I think, of decided advantage. My cough has abated very much, and the prospect of health is now as favorable as at any time during the winter; still, I fear, when the warm spring rains come on, I will be compelled to give over the effort of being an effective Methodist preacher.

"The news of your revival in the city was very pleasant and refreshing. I am glad to hear that you are all getting along so pleasantly and prosperously. It would be very agreeable to my feelings to jump in the carriage and run down to the city, and, as in former times, to mingle in your scenes of devotion, join your *battle cry*, and hear your *shouts of victory*. But this may not be, though, in spirit, I am often with you, and, when unable to work here, look back to the friends and scenes of former years. Our second quarterly meeting commences next Saturday, and we are hoping for *little* better times. I would be glad to see you, and have your help. Now, Mack, can you not come and make us a visit? The spring is coming on, and you will want some relaxation, and to breathe a fresher air than 'the turbid of the city.' Well, when you put out, '*wend this way;*' none will be more pleased to see you than your affectionate

W. B. CHRISTIE."

Immediately on the receipt of this letter, after obtaining permission of the official members at Wesley Chapel, and the consent of my colleague, brother Sehon, I started for Urbana. On my arrival there I found brother C. in the midst of a most glorious revival. His emaciated appearance affected me to tears. I saw but too plainly, from the hectic flush upon his cheek, that Death had marked him for his victim. I tarried with him for several weeks, and assisted him in his labors in the pulpit and at the altar. Although reduced to a skeleton, and more than half the time unable to walk to the

\* Concluded from page 85.

church, it was worse than useless to attempt to persuade him to desist from his labors. I never shall forget an affecting little incident that occurred one morning, just before we entered the church, during the progress of the protracted meeting. The entrance to the church in Urbana is by a very high flight of steps on the outside, (an unfortunate arrangement, that is always a great source of discouragement to church-going invalids.) As we drew near the church he leaned upon my arm. I found he was much exhausted; and I pleaded with him not to preach, but to let me take his place. He smiled, and replied, "O, my dear Mack, I do not mind the *preaching*; but I was just thinking how I should get up to the top of those high steps, I am so weak; but come, let us go in; it is time for the service to commence." But, as soon as he entered the pulpit, he seemed to forget his weakness of body, and to preach with usual strength and power.

His health improved but little during the summer months. In the fall his decline was more rapid; yet he still continued to labor regularly in the pulpit, and also to attend to his pastoral duties. He preached his last sermon from these words: "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmity, that the power of Christ may rest upon me," 2 Cor. xii, 9. This was a favorite theme with the deceased, the truth of which was strikingly exemplified in his last hours. The grace of God was sufficient for him in every trying hour while he lived, and when called to die made him more than a conqueror. Of brother C. it may be said truly, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The spirit of the martyrs glowed in his bosom, and he seemed determined to die at his post. His purpose was fixed, and the entreaties of his friends proved unavailing. However, at length he was compelled to desist, and was taken to the country to brother Hilt's, and was soon afterward confined to bed. While staying at brother H.'s he sent to town for his presiding elder, the Rev. Z. Connell. As soon as brother Connell entered the room, brother Christie burst into a flood of tears, and remarked as follows: "I have thought and prayed much, and have, at last, arrived at the painful conclusion that I must resign the charge of the station into your hands, and you must supply it with another. I feel that I have a good conscience in doing so now. Heretofore I could not see my way clear. I think I do now. I suppose you have thought me obstinate in resisting your frequent entreaties to desist; but, in all kindness to you, I thought I should be allowed to judge for myself, as *I must answer to God*. I think I have done all that I could; and I now feel that God justifies me, through the precious merits of Jesus, and I shall leave Urbana with a good conscience."

His bereaved companion, in a letter to me some time since, remarks as follows: "I have known my dear husband, often, before he left this station, get up out of his bed, with a heavy chill, and go to the

church and preach. The last time I accompanied him to the church, as he tottered up the pulpit steps, I saw several in the audience weep, while some said it was preaching enough for them to *see him in the pulpit*; and they often felt like going to him personally to plead with him to desist from preaching until he could recruit his health. At length, his strength failed so fast, he was compelled to give up the charge. Never shall I forget the morning that he said to me, 'My dear, you may begin to prepare to go to Cincinnati. I have never felt until now that I would be doing right to give up the charge; but I now feel I can work no longer; some one must take my place. In two weeks we must be off. But,' said he, 'do not make up your mind to *settle down* anywhere to *stay*; for, just as soon as my health improves, I will commence my labors again.' From this time he was able to be up but little, until two days before we left for the city, at which time he appeared better, walked out in town, settled up his accounts, and continued to write until quite late at night. During all his protracted suffering he was cheerful and happy, and was never heard to murmur or speak much of himself."

In a letter from another friend of his at Urbana, I learned that he took no formal leave of the officary of the station, at the time of his departure for this city, but told them he expected to return in about two weeks; but for the present they must get some one to supply his place. "The day before he started, he remarked to sister S. he would be willing to give almost *any thing* if he was only out of Urbana, his friends *annoyed* him so much by saying he *must* have some one to drive the carriage to the city; then, looking at his hands, he said, 'There is *nerve* enough here to drive my own carriage yet!'"

He left Urbana amid the tears and regrets of his friends, and, with a courage peculiarly his own, *drove the carriage* which conveyed himself and family to Cincinnati. On his way he spent the Sabbath at Ridgville, attended public worship, and appeared much revived; but, when he reached the house of his brother-in-law, Dr. M. B. Wright, in this city, he was much prostrated, and only survived *eleven* days. He reached here on Tuesday evening, and I was with him every day until the following Monday morning, at which time I took leave of him for Zanesville and Marietta, on my agency. Before we parted he took me by the hand, and said, "Well, Mack, I hope I may yet recover, so as to be able to do a little work for my Master. If I should get better, as soon as the weather becomes warm and settled, I intend to move out of the city, and settle, for a short time, on a small lot of ground, and work what I can for the support of my little family, but more particularly with a view to regain my health; and then, on your return, you will come and stay with me, as in former years. None will ever be more welcome. But if I should not get well," (here his emotion was so intense as to prevent his utterance for some moments,) "our separation will



be short; we will meet again in heaven. *Be faithful; God bless you! Farewell!"*

But I hasten to give the reader some account of his triumphant exit. Among the numerous incidents indicating the state of his mind during the last hours of his earthly existence, we will recite only a few.

The morning after his arrival in the city two of his old friends called in to see him; they found his face flushed with fever, and that he was wasted to a shadow. He was much affected at the interview, and said his nerves were shattered, but his confidence in *God was unshaken*; he knew in whom he had believed; he had not preached an *unknown* or *unfelt* Savior; and the Gospel which he had long preached to others was then his consolation. When informed that he was dying, he said, "I am not alarmed; I am not afraid to die; Jesus, with his bleeding hands, will not thrust me away." He then embraced his two sons, and commended them to God; and, after praising God for some time, spoke to his weeping companion about his *temporalities*, but instantly said, "*These are small matters*; God will provide for you and the children." To brother Sehon and Bishop Morris he said, "*I am almost home*. I feel that God is good to me, and that Jesus Christ is my salvation." His was a complete and glorious triumph. He clapped his hands, and shouted "glory to God," with his last expiring breath. A few minutes before he died he beckoned brother Sehon to his bedside, and sent, by him, the following message to his brethren of the Ohio annual conference: "Tell my brethren at the conference, if they think my name worthy of being mentioned, I have not preached an *unknown* and *unfelt* Christ. Tell them that, though unworthy and unfaithful, that Gospel which I have preached to others, *sustains me now*. Tell the ministers to *preach Christ and him crucified*. Tell them *my only hope, my only foundation* is in the blood of sprinkling. PRECIOUS BLOOD! O the fullness, the richness, and the sweetness of that fountain!"

But I must close this sketch by introducing to the reader some beautiful and descriptive lines of original poetry from that gifted poetess, Mrs. Catharine Walker, wife of the Rev. George W. Walker, of the Ohio conference, and much attached friend of the lamented Christie, and composed by her at my earnest solicitation:

"HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT."

He fought a good fight, the faith he kept,  
Till, summon'd from on high,  
As a warrior reclining on his shield,  
He laid him down to die.

'Twas a glorious fight. He nobly fought,  
And like a chieftain fell,  
His face to the foe, and his armor on:  
He conquered earth and hell.

To his fellow-soldiers he calmly said,  
"I triumph, though I fall;  
My victory's by the blood-stained cross,  
Fight on, and conquer all.

Tho' first I'm call'd to leave your ranks,  
My heart is with the brave;

From heaven's portals I'll look down,  
And see your banners wave.

I've not an unknown Savior preached;  
But feel his sprinkling blood  
To cleanse my soul from every stain,  
And make me meet for God.

That truth which I have humbly taught  
I feel sustains me now,  
Tho' heart and flesh are failing fast,  
And death is on my brow.

I've run the race; my work is done;  
No more o'er earth I'll roam;  
My dearest friends I bid adieu:  
Farewell, I'm going home!"

The heavenly convoy waiting stand,  
To attend his upward flight,  
And introduce their brother friend  
To all the saints in light.

Methinks I see a happy throng,  
Of kindred spirits blest;  
With eager joy they gather round  
To greet the stranger guest.

"A Christie's come," a herald cries;  
"From earth he fought his way,  
A watchman off our Zion's walls;  
Ye thronging hosts give way."

He meekly marches toward the throne  
To meet his glorious King:  
His coronation hour has come;  
The saints and angels sing.

A robe, a harp, a crown are given;  
He strikes his untuned lyre,  
And wakens a new strain of joy  
Through all the heavenly choir.

His soul o'erburdened with the weight  
Of glory from the throne,  
He casts his crown, and "holy" cries  
To God the holy One.

O, if, when heaven is just begun,  
Such rapture fills the soul,  
How fathomless that sea of bliss  
While endless ages roll!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY LAMDA.

A mother's love—'tis like the flower  
Whose fragrance fills the shady bower,  
Or dewy morning's balmy air,  
Or crystal streams, or fountains fair,  
Or holy strains of rapture flung  
From harp by angel-fingers strung.

A mother's love—'tis like the light  
Which glows where eastern hills are bright,  
Or like the star that wakes the day,  
Or gentle moonlight beams that play,  
Or beacon fire, whose light may save  
The wanderer on the stormy wave.

A mother's love—'tis like the rock  
Which boldly braves the thunder shock;  
The storm may rise, the billows roll,  
And sorrow's shafts may pierce the soul;  
All other love may fade, may fly;  
A mother's love can never die.

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

—  
APRIL, 1849.—  
THE SHOULDER-KNOT.—  
CHAPTER VIII.—  
A KNOWING WITNESS.

AT the conclusion of this long speech, gathering his robe about him, with thumb and finger as at first, the monk very meekly sat down amid the astonishment and admiration he had raised. All eyes were staring upon him, as if he had just dropped from the upper world. Like Saul of Tarsus, he had been, it was true, a great sinner; but his subsequent career had been crowned with a penitence equal, also, to that of the great apostle. His strange and severe penances had particularly excited their wonder and approbation; and they looked upon his dream as a real ascent into the spiritual state, whence he had been permitted to bring down revelations concerning the final issues of earthly vice and virtue. Such a holy reverence for his character stole into them, as he was passing through the details of his experience, that, when he had ceased speaking, they scarcely knew whether to regard him as a mortal living on the verge of heaven, or as an immortal just risen from the dead. One thing, however, is very certain. With all the wildness and occasional extravagance of that narrative, there was more philosophy, more sound sense, more religion in it, than had ever before been listened to within those walls; and the reader may think it strange, that Thomas, whoever he might be, unless he was a philosopher, or a genius of the highest mold, could thus hastily conjure up a fiction so characterized by external attractiveness and intrinsic truth. The mystery will be solved, when we come to know who this Thomas was; and a discussion of this question, at this very time, is the chief excitement at the court of Paris.

Sampson had been duly apprehended by the courier, and carried back to the capital, where a court council was convened by Richelieu to listen to the testimony of the honest groom. The King, Queen, queen-mother, the Duchess de Chevreuse, Henrietta Maria, and several household ministers, were admitted as spectators. Richelieu stood as prosecutor; for he was the man never to commission others with what he could do himself; and the present case, he had the sagacity to see, augured him no good.

Sampson, feeling more like a criminal than a witness, was conducted to the stand, where he took off his French cap, and bowed like a perfect specimen of a Frenchman, as he was. There was no little dignity mingled with his fear and obsequiousness; for he was conscious of the magnitude of his crime, and probably looked forward to the Bastille, or the guillotine, with a genuine French pride.

"Do you know," said the Cardinal-Duke, rising up with that carelessness, which he always assumed when engaged in matters at all bearing upon himself—"do you know, good Sampson, the age, language, manners, personal appearance, names, character, or country, of the persons you lately served in the line of your profession? We desire you to be minute in your description; for the sticking of a pin will sometimes reveal a treason or a murder."

"Ay, sir," ejaculated Sampson, "there was no murder, sir, at all, sir; only I, sir, your poor servant, sir,

came near dying by the fall, or, as you would say, the fault of my horse, sir. There was, sir, no murder, sir."

"No, no," interrupted the Cardinal, "I presume not; but will you tell us what you saw, or heard, or suspected, or drew by inferences, touching the age, language, manners, habits, dress, voice, appearance, size, height, weight, names, appellations, disposition, character, destination, or country of these strangers? Deal in circumstances, if you will, honest man."

"Circumstances!" exclaimed Sampson "There were no circumstances, sir. It was just a plain, straight-forward, fair, honorable transaction, sir. You see, sir, I was only, sir"—

"Hold!" interrupted Richelieu, while the court were beginning to smile at the groom's embarrassment and the minister's impatience. "Tell me only what I have commanded you. What were the ages, think you, of the travelers?"

"Of the one, sir, that came to speak the horses and my help, sir, at the break of dawn, or, as you might say, sir, the opening of heaven's gate, sir?"

"Yes, yes, of either," growled the Cardinal, "only tell us something quickly."

"He might be thirty, sir. Were he just from Scotland, sir, and wished to pawn himself for my eldest daughter, sir, I should add five years more to make her safe, sir."

"Say nothing more of your daughter, Sampson," said Richelieu, "but give an account of that person's general and particular appearance, when he came to you."

"He appeared, sir, both generally and particularly, sir, inside and outside, for all the world, sir, exactly like—like"—

"Like what?"

"Why, sir, exactly like a monk, sir."

"Gave he no signs of being any thing but a monk?"

"None."

"What language, or dialect, or brogue, did he speak?"

"He spoke like a French monk, sir."

"Was there no hesitation, no repetition, no loss of accent, no drowning of a syllable, no timidity of utterance, by which a foreign birth could be conjectured?"

"Ay, sir, as to that, sir, you see, sir, I am not a graduate of the Sorbonne, sir. I live principally among horses, sir; and they, sir, are sorry grammarians indeed, sir. But you see, sir, the one I rode off, sir"—

"But the monk's language?"

"Was exactly the language of a monk, sir."

"What were his manners?"

"Rustic, but not rude, with a mingling of ease and pious gentleness—the manners of his order, sir."

"Did he give you his name, Sampson?"

"He did not, sir, may it please you, sir."

"Did you hear his companion speak to him?"

"That I did, sir, your grace. They had much conversation on the road, sir. They discoursed, first and chiefly, sir, of the noble steeds, sir, which"—

"That is enough of the conversation; but by what name did his companion address him?"

"By the holy name of Thomas, sir. He called him Thomas, sir, like a true monk, sir, and nothing more, sir, may it favor your highness, sir."

"Under what name, or title, or appellation, did Thomas recognize his fellow-traveler?"

"Under the yet holier name of John, sir, the name of that disciple, sir"—

"Never mind the disciples, Sampson. We are



investigating, perchance, the characters and designs of masters. What know, judge, infer, or suspect you, Sampson, in relation to the subject of character?"

"Nothing, sir, not ever a word, sir."

"Had they no airs, no stately walk, no tossings of the head, no inalienable habits, which, properly interpreted, would act the traitor to their purpose?"

"Their airs, sir, were meek and holy, sir. I know not, sir, whether they tossed their heads, sir, or were tossed by the mettle of their horses' heels, sir. Their habits, sir—ah! there is too deep philosophy for a stabler, sir; and as to their walk, sir, they did not walk at all, sir. They were both mounted, sir."

The Cardinal was really puzzled, or rather vexed, by the answers of honest Sampson. After repeating several of the above questions, and putting some of them, also, over and over to the courier, he dismissed them both from the court, and sat down with his head leaning doubtfully, or thoughtfully, upon his hands. A thought struck him. Up, he started as if inspired, and ordered Sampson to be recalled. The poor groom came trembling ten times worse than at first; for he now thought, sure enough, that his time was come.

"Did you serve these gentlemen gratis?" inquired Richelieu with spirit.

"Counting the loss of my three horses, sir, I nearly did, sir; or, as you would say, was poorly paid for my trouble, sir."

"What did the monks pay you?" sternly asked the Cardinal.

This was a searching question. It could not be evaded. Sampson, seeing his situation with true French instinct, and wishing to show no reluctance in giving information to the Cardinal, honestly stepped forward and handed the minister the purse thrown him by the flying Thomas. The reader should have seen the eagerness with which Richelieu seized it; for it is impossible to paint the ardor of that deep man's countenance, when any of his measures seemed to be ripening to a successful issue. He saw, at once, that the purse had been the property of no less a character than a prince, or a nobleman. Untying carefully the riband that bound it, he turned it up to pour out its contents upon his table. Down dropped the gold coin like a shower, tumbling from the table, and rolling upon the floor in rich profusion. Seizing one of the pieces, the Cardinal held it up in triumph. It was an English guinea. When gathered up, they all were found to be of the same mint and metal. The giver of them was an English prince, or lord, or nobleman, traveling in disguise, perhaps as a spy, through the French territories. But see! the Cardinal holds up the purse again, which he fingers and shakes by turns, as if bent on getting another harvest of gold from its capacious little bosom; when, lo! down falls a paper, a billet, upon the table. It was not sealed. The Cardinal snatched it up, at the same time begging the court to listen to its contents. He read as follows:

"*To the one who can understand.*—He who saw thee was a friend. Trust him; he will not betray thee. Sympathy for thy misfortunes prompts this communication. More, should we ever meet again.

"THE WITNESS."

As the Cardinal read this paper, he sent his eye round the company. All but two countenances were calm, though eager. On those two the crimson mounted up in spite of effort. They were the faces of the Queen and the youthful Duchess. Fixing his eye upon them,

he increased their embarrassment, by thus drawing the attention of the whole court and company upon them. The deed was now done. Suspicion was at once fixed. The hound was fairly set; the track was plain; and there was a determination that never missed its game.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### REAL APPARITIONS.

I have known men to say in mirth what they afterward experienced to their sorrow. It was somewhat so with Thomas during his night at the convent of St. Louis. Little did he think, when inventing those strange accounts of spiritual visitors, that he was preparing his own mind, however steeled by his knowledge of their fictitious character, for real alarm at the first shadow, or circumstance, which he might not be able to unravel.

In the middle of the night, when the convent was entirely still, and the sleep of the sleepers was rendered doubly profound by the continued roaring of the wind, Thomas lay upon his comfortable pallet wide awake. The inventions of his fancy were still running through his head. Though he had improvised nearly every thing he had said, his creations, at once so natural and so graphic, besides exciting the wonder and admiration of the St. Louis monks, had made a powerful impression upon himself. "There is," said he, "a spiritual world without doubt. Man, in part physical, in part mental, is also spiritual in his composition. In virtue of the physical, he becomes acquainted with the physical universe, and lives a physical life. As a mental being, he rises up to the comprehension of those ideas, which, in such a boundless variety of forms, float through the intellectual world. In his spiritual capacity, then, why may he not soar yet higher, and enter into some actual communion, while here below, with those immaterial natures, which dwell all around us in the world of spirits? The physical man sees nothing in a landscape, or in the heavens above him, but the fertility of the soil and the means of supporting and developing this material quality. Touch, now, his soul with the finger of intellectuality, and, added to this mere productiveness of the earth and skies, he beholds forms of knowledge, rays of intelligence, and lines of beauty. Why, then, if he is touched again with the touch of spirituality, may he not mount to a still higher style of being, and make every thing in nature an object-glass to carry his vision into the spiritual universe about him? As the intellectual world none the less exists, and that within and around each one of us, however the mere physical man may grope his way along, without ever getting one solitary glimpse of it, so an intellectual man, though also physical, who has risen only to the second sphere of his capability, may be stark blind to the spiritual existences that stand thick on every side of him; and it is probable, highly probable, that we are daily, hourly, constantly, living in the midst of myriads of unseen beings, who are invisible only because we open not, as we might, the organs of our higher vision. Three natures, three lives, three visions, three worlds, the humblest man carries, at all times, within him. Most men are contented with the first; a select minority rise into the second; and only here and there a seer, a prophet, a complete man, attains to the fullest and highest development of his nature in the third. What a world is this, where the millions live only the physical life—the life of brutes; where only the hundreds seek dignity and pleasure from the intellectual life; and where an age must

strive and labor, and often fruitlessly, to show us one, who, without neglect or disrelish of these two, exhibits the proportions and perfections of this third and last apocalypse of our mysterious being! But, hush! what is that?"

He heard the creak of a door opening slowly and stealthily. A glimmering light next breaks in; and, in a moment more, he sees the form of an English knight, as familiar as his own face, creeping toward his bedside, with a burning taper in his hand. The figure was completely dressed, in full knightly uniform, even to his boots and spurs. Drawing his feet up, and then setting them down again, with special caution, as if bent on walking like a noiseless ghost, as he seemed to be, he gradually approached the pillow of the monk, Thomas, who was lying in breathless horror of the apparition. But nature will always, in some way, assert itself. Rising up, with an air of boldness, the monk accosted the spirit in a tone of authority, though his stiffening hair, and his chill cheeks, and the ague creeping through him, stifled his voice a little in its utterance:

"Hold! whatsoever, or whomsoever, thou art! Approach not a step nearer till I know thee!"

"Nay, Duke, fear not thy trusty servant," rejoined the spirit.

"Of what make a servant? Thy mold is good enough."

"Of true flesh and blood. Let not thy imagination trouble thee. Hear me, noble Duke; listen to my voice. See! am I not natural? Dost thou not know thy faithful slave, thy master of the stables?"

"If thou art, in truth, what thy features argue thee, Sir Richard Graham, my well-affected master of the horse, say it; and I will trust, against reason, that it is so."

"I am thy Richard, truly; and my life is to demonstrate the truthfulness of my affection."

"But, if so, how comest thou hither? Speak, ghost! for I shall not believe thee fully, till thou prove thyself."

"Thy gracious sovereign, the great James, fearing for thy safety, sent me in quest, charged to lose my life to save a hair of thee. I came post from London. At Boulogne I was known; but I bought my way along with useful guineas. At Paris my toes nearly touched thy heels; and I pursued thee with what metal thou didst leave behind thee. Despairing to overtake thy speed, I sought a nearer path, and found it. By the killing of a noble steed, I was two hours thy senior in the convent of St. Louis; but, coming under cover of a common trader, with a huge overcoat disguising my knightly trappings, and being admitted as a layman to sit only at a side-door during the evening's entertainment, my tongue was of no service to me. My ears, though, good my Lord, gave august reports of thy philosophy. My Lord of Verulam must take thee, on our return, for a partner. Thou wouldst well counterpoise the material bearings of his method. But of this, no more. Where lies the prince?"

"As my stable-boy, my ostler, my drudge, he sleeps with the menials of the convent. Poor fellow! When he lies softly, some night hence, on the downy pillows of his bridal bed, lost amidst the showers of damask curtains and richly gilt tassels, with a fire of rose-wood at once lighting and scenting his apartment, he will remember this night's lodging. But, sir, the prince is a great dissembler. He can play a trick better than is becoming a royal person; and I can tell you truly, this suit of his at Madrid is, from this time, nothing

but a traveler's curiosity mixed rankly with dissimulation. He has left his heart at Paris in the unconscious keeping of the black-eyed Henrietta, whom he saw, by accident, at a court festival. We both beheld, too, Anne of Austria, the young Queen of Louis."

"Fame speaks of her as very beautiful."

"As charming as a Venus!"

"But chaste?"

"As Lucretia."

"Her eyes are black, methinks?"

"As black, as brilliant, as polished ebony. The very stars are not more lustrous. Her hair falls in loose ringlets upon her white neck and shoulders. Her face is mild and soft. Her form, the perfection of grace and symmetry. When she walks, it is the movement of the ideal of majesty incarnate. But the weak, jealous, cruel King loves her not. He cannot love her."

"Cannot?"

"No, he cannot. She is too far above him; for, Richard, love is the fruit of sympathy. There must be a union of nature between true lovers. All other loves are spurious, counterfeit, fictitious. The religious precept—"Be ye not unequally yoked together"—is enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures. Neglect of this sacred maxim has filled the world with conjugal unhappiness. No, sir, Louis loves her not; and she loves not, with all her meek submission and gentleness, the jealous, perjured, fickle monarch."

"Pity that marriages, as goes the proverb, are not truly made in heaven!"

"Pity that Heaven, in decreeing marriage, had not revealed a mode by which unhappy wedlocks could be safely and innocently unfastened! Then should the rent heart of Anne be quieted!"

"Enough!"

"Nay, 'tis not enough, Sir Richard, till I tell thee plainly, that I feel commissioned, by the force of circumstances, to aid that wretched woman out of the depth of her distresses. Louis, I say again, she does not, her he cannot, love. Him she would gladly fly. I know it. From her own lips I know it; and if God so chooses, the wings she prays for shall molt and plume from this passing moment. Seal that, good Sir Richard, and lend me what skill you have in such business."

"As the needle to the pole, and as the pole to the heaven's centre, so turn my purposes to thine. Speak, and I am with you!"

"So. But what news bring you from England?"

"All Britain is astir at your departure. James, to fly all questioning, has retreated to the country, where he passes his time in his favorite sport of the field and forest. The Catholics have a jubilee of hope from this Spanish match. The Protestants are in wrath at the prospect of the dangerous connection. You were pursued, and nearly taken, by the messengers of the Parliament. At Calais you were discovered. Nor was your stay at Paris so much a secret. My Lord Herbert, our ambassador, running to the French Secretary's before day-dawn, on the day of thy departure from that capital, would needs drag him from his bed to tell him a great mystery, and solicit his connivance. The Secretary, sending by his maid, that he knew his lordship's errand and his own duty, slept on again. But Richelieu never sleeps. No sooner did he learn the circumstance, that two strange Englishmen in disguise were traveling through France, than the fleetest courier of Paris must make after. The rest thou knowest; only that I know



better than thou the necessity of dispatch at this instant. An hour's delay may lose us all. France is roused and will pursue. But, still! we are now discovered. I'll blow my light."

"Nay, good Richard, kill not so good a friend, till necessity compels thee. Cover it till we see."

"No, my chapeau shall so cover it that we cannot see."

The same door, through which Sir Richard had entered, now creaked again upon its rusty hinges.

"Who's there?" cried he, who should have been the sleeper.

"The monk, John," replied the voice; for there was nothing visible.

"To prove that thou art John, and not a night-thief, or a walking spirit, tell me whom thou most lovest. That shall be thy watch-word."

"That would be a question for the Donna Maria; but I am come to tell thee, what my heart can no longer hold, that my wife shall never be a Spaniard."

"What country, then, most worthy Prince, should have the glory of giving birth to her?"

"Were that country Egypt, or Tartarus, her first name shall be Henrietta, and her second Maria, speak who will counter to my purpose."

"Your Highness is certainly free from parables. There can be no debate upon your meaning."

"The sense of a determined, not to say an honest, man, is ever plain and pointed."

"But what of the first Maria? If she is to be abandoned, thus openly, why post to Madrid?"

"Have not I a father? Has not he made pledges? Does not the King of Spain hold that father's oath of espousal? Has not mine been plighted with it? Must not the Catholics of our realm be appeased by at least appearances of honor? Will the holy father, the Pope, give us no hinderance, if we keep not up a fair beseeching? Look you, did the stream of matrimony ever run on a plummet rule? Or winds it not, this way and that, according to the obstructions offered?"

"Nay, your Highness knows, as the great philosopher of Verulam has taught us both, that the motions of all fluids are governed by a single law. They are all drawn toward the earth's centre by the force of gravity."

"Most true, my Lord, and the centre to which the currents of a man's heart do run, is the one he loves. She is the pole-star of his existence; and the boreal beauties, that stream up and dance upon his darkest midnight's horizon, are but the changeful hues in the robe of her high potency. I have told you where the star of my destiny has arisen."

"Good your Highness, see how dark it is! This outward blackness well betokens the inner midnight of our condition. Royal persons marry not but as the victims of kingly intrigues, parliamentary interferences, and popular captiousness. Well may the proudest prince envy the easy liberty of his meanest subject. Thou hast, thou sayest, but one star to shine upon thy pathway; but how many clouds may tower up to blot it from thy vision! I, too, shall I tell thee plainly, have seen, in imagination, the unveiled face of my night's royal queen, throwing her mild, sweet light over all my future; but who shall foreshadow the tempests that may spring up to cover me for ever with felt darkness!"

"No, my Lord, say not in imagination. Tell me truly, as I have been true with thee. Was it not face to face that thou didst see her. Come, play no monkery upon me, Thomas!"

"So, your Highness, but only a little witchery. Another time will better befit such conversation. By the magic of this ringed-finger, by the power of a secret talisman, by the virtues of this caballa—*resurgo, resurgere, resurrectus*—I command thee, Sir Richard, master of my princely stables, to cross water, scale mountains, travel forests, fly all enemies, and, with a lighted taper, rise up before me!"

"What wouldst thou, noble Duke, with thy familiar servant?" exclaimed Sir Richard, starting up from his concealment, uncovering his taper, and holding it out before him; "for thy word is ever the eleventh commandment to my most Christian duty."

The Prince would have been appalled at this sudden apparition, had he not before had a thousand proofs of the depth of the Duke's genius, the fertility of his invention, and the art by which he always made the most of every event, or minute circumstance. Still, he was not a little astonished at the spectacle, and stood back regarding it with wonder. As there was small time left for explanations, so they were brief and satisfactory. The three friends saw the necessity of dispatch. By the light of Sir Richard's taper the Duke dressed himself; when they crept softly down into the great audience-room, where the Duke had been, but an hour or two before, the paragon of all piety.

Their labors were now divided. The Prince was to show Sir Richard the stalls where stood the horses; Sir Richard was to prepare them for the journey; and the holy monk, Thomas, was to creep through the convent, like a midnight ghost, and steal the key of the great gate, and have it open ready for their departure. The monks, sleeping soundly, or wandering widely in their dreams through hell, earth, and heaven—verifying, it may be, the wonderful narrative of their strange guest—could scarcely have been recalled to the actualities about them, by the noise of thunder, or the confusion of a battle. Disguised as at first, and mounted as they came, with Sir Richard, seated on the flaming steed of honest Sampson, acting as a faithful pilot, the two monks left the gate of the convent, two or three hours before day-break, with their horses' heads pointing toward the walls of Madrid.

When the brethren of the order rose next morning, they could find no trace of their mysterious visitors, excepting a small silk purse lying upon the hall table; but they ever afterward, as the years rolled round, celebrated that evening, by sitting about the same fire, and telling the same experiences, and, above all, listening to some brother appointed to represent the form, and to repeat, word for word, the marvelous revelations of their second "*St. Thomas*." Their legends still refer to it, as the most indubitable evidence of their doctrine of spiritual visitations.

#### USE OF THE MIND.

"MODERATION in mental exertion," says Dr. Cutter, "is more necessary in old age than in early or mature years. In youth and manhood, the exhaustion of the brain from over-excitement may be repaired, but no such result follows over-exertion in the decline of life. 'What is lost then, is lost for ever.' At that period, the brain becomes excited, and is soon exhausted when forced to protracted and vigorous thought. Sir Walter Scott and President Harrison afford sad examples of premature death from overtasked brains at an advanced period of their lives."

## THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

HAVING commenced, in our last issue, a full analysis of the great reviews and magazines, religious, literary, and political, of the United States and of Europe, we here continue the work, by giving the substance of the following periodicals:

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW opens the year with the following fine list of articles:

1. *Old and New School Presbyterianism* is a caustic and rather bitter review of a work on the above subject by Rev. Lewis Cheesman. The writer of the review, Rev. Samuel T. Spear, of Brooklyn, N. Y., takes up a controversy which has ceased to be of any great interest to the public, and which it would be better, it seems to us, to forget altogether. To avoid the terrible inferences justly deducible from old-fashioned Calvinism—from Calvinism that is Calvinism—the New School Presbyterians originated several new notions about free agency, natural and moral ability, and similar topics, which have puzzled both parties about equally. We would humbly suggest, that, as Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Abelard and Peter Ramus are now dead, the day for all such metaphysical “quiddities and quoddities” has gone over. Let them sleep, brethren, in the graves of the old schoolmen. They could discuss whether there is any such thing as motion, whether an angel cannot go from one place to another without passing through the intermediate space, and all similar questions, without doing violence to the spirit of the age in which they found themselves; but, really, all such things are now totally out of order. The world will not listen to them; and those who do, cannot understand them any better than the most negligent. Let us preach what people can understand, and our work will prosper. We quote nothing from this article, because we think it would throw darkness rather than light upon our readers.

2. *Blasphemy of the Holy Ghost* is a well-written article on an awfully important subject. Mr. Wesley says, that “there is no more danger of committing the unpardonable sin, than of plucking the sun out of heaven,” because he considers the sin to have consisted in ascribing the witnessed miracles of the Savior, wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, to Satanic influence. Our reviewer thinks, on the contrary, that it consists in doing despite to the Spirit of grace, that is, resisting the Spirit's influences through our day of probation.

3. *Wilson on Baptism* is reviewed by Dr. Edward Beecher, of Boston. So long as the arrogant assumption is made, that immersion is the only baptism, we suppose the question must be debated; but, intrinsically, it is one of the most trivial discussions on earth. St. Paul, the great religious teacher and apostle of us Gentiles, thanked God, at a certain time, that he had baptized only a very few persons in any way, and concluded he would baptize no more; but some modern Gentiles, getting entirely wiser than their Divinely-commissioned instructor and pattern, not only insist with undue strenuousness on the necessity of the rite, but found a sect, a large and powerful denomination, on what they regard as the only mode of baptism. We should just as soon think of getting up a sect on the mode of wearing one's shirt-collar; not because there is any comparison between so sacred a rite as baptism, and a matter so unimportant, but because the *mode* of the one, and the *mode* of the other, are things equally of no consequence. Dr. Carson has written a bigoted book on this subject, insisting on dipping in all cases; to this Professor Wilson has made a searching and triumphant reply; and now Dr. Beecher, who is equal to either of them on this subject, reviews them both, and does them both justice. Those who remember what the Doctor has before done on this question, will read his present article with interest.

3. *Our Age—its progress, prospects, and demands*—is by Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., of New York, at present editor of the Christian Union. The Doctor is a straight-forward, out-and-out, matter-of-fact writer, without the least attempt at elegant composition; but his communications to the public, both oral and written, are always welcomed. He is all eyes, and ears, and hands, and feet successively, seeing and hearing every thing, handling all things, and going everywhere, as rapidly and as incessantly as possible. He is a sort of general sensorium to the public—the great reporter of the world; and you

must hear from him regularly, if you wish to know what the world is doing. But he has higher claims on your attention. He is about the least of a bigot of all the religious editors of our acquaintance. He gives all classes of Christians, and all parties in politics, and all nations in Christendom and out of Christendom their full share of praise and blame. The article before us is of this genuine character. The writer proves that the world has been progressing, in all respects, from age to age.

5. *Review of Finney's Theology* is the next article, written by Dr. Duffield, of Detroit, who is unmercifully severe on his victim. It is on the old topic of “moral and physical depravity.” The debate is particularly on “free-will, fixed fate,” and the other kindred topics, which, as Milton tells us, formed the subjects of dispute with the fallen angels just before the building of Pandemonium. Perhaps the bard is rather too severe on these matters; but we think they have been discussed enough, in this world, to last for fifteen or twenty generations.

6. *The Preaching of Jonah*, by Rev. George Shepard, D. D., of Bangor, Me., is a historical and practical discussion of the subject named, closing with inferences relative to modern preaching of a highly useful character. Dr. Shepard is an old acquaintance of ours, whom we know to be an able writer, a powerful preacher, and a most amiable man. His present article is not the best specimen of his ability, but will be read with interest.

7. *Sickness Improved*, by Rev. J. Brace, New Milford, Conn. This article is on the advantages to be derived from bodily afflictions; and, what the reader would not expect from the title, it is written in a learned style, abounds in classical allusions, and is quite as literary as it is religious.

8. *Analysis of Ecclesiastes*, by Rev. J. M. Macdonald, Jamaica, L. I., is a fine specimen of criticism. It is ably written, logical, clear, and, in nearly every point, conclusive. The subject of Ecclesiastes, according to the reviewer, is the vanity of our present life, on the supposition that there is no hereafter. This is the best article, on the whole, in the number.

9. *Schleiermacher's Religious Views* is a translation from the German by Rev. William Hall, New York. Schleiermacher was born at Breslau, Silesia, November 24, 1768, received his early education among the Moravians, completed his course at Halle, and there became preacher to the court, and professor and preacher in the University. In 1809 he was appointed pastor of Trinity Church, and professor in the University, at Berlin, where he died, February 12, in the year 1834. The works of Schleiermacher are comprised in about forty octavo volumes. The reviewer follows him through his various religious opinions, touching here and there, also, on his speculative notions; but it is not possible for us to say more, than that he condemns the Professor for having too much of Plato and too little of Paul in his writings, though he was in the main sound in his theology. The writer promises to prosecute his subject.

10. *Critical Notices* constitute the last article. The first is a notice of Magoon's Orators of the Revolution, in which the editor applauds the *subject* but condemns the *style* of the author; the second, third, and fourth, are notices of Professor Upham's religious works, which the editor finds some fault with, but generally approves; the fifth notice is of Pilgrim's Progress; the sixth of Cowper's poems; the seventh of Abbott's History of France—commendatory; and these are followed by a dozen more, which it is not necessary to mention.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January, 1849, contains the following list:

1. *Rev. James Dixon, D. D.*, with a portrait by R. A. West, a gentleman abundantly qualified for his task. The article is brief, well-written, discriminative in its views, and to the point.

2. *The Lord's Day the Christian Sabbath*, anonymous, is a rapid, summary, and somewhat rhetorical statement of some of the usual proofs, that the first day of the week is the true Christian Sabbath. The style of the writer is very easy, fluent, beautiful; but we do not think it is quite as logical in its tone as it should be. In fact, all the arguments given before the writer reaches his number *four* have but very little weight, we think. One of them seems to compel him to attribute to the



resurrection what the apostles uniformly ascribe to the death of Christ. The atonement was made, the Church also teaches, by the offering up of the Savior upon the cross, and not by his rising again from the grave; and that the resurrection had entirely other objects in view. Numbers four, five, six, seven, eight, are logical. The ninth and last is rhetorical merely. True enough, more souls have been converted on the Sabbath, than on any other day of the week, because more Christian exertion has been made on that day, than on any other. The article, we think, is conclusive as an argument; but it would have been more so, if nothing had been relied on but what is strictly logical.

3. *The Reporter and the Synopsis* gives a very good suggestion in relation to reporting Congressional and Parliamentary speeches. The writer thinks it would be an improvement to have a man in every such assembly, whose business should be to give summaries of the long harangues of the members, instead of having them reported in full. In this form they would be read by the people. This is a valuable idea; but, it seems to us, the telegraph has rather anticipated the writer. The truth is, the public now read only the telegraphic synopses of the speeches of our Congressmen; and they find it an unprofitable task, in some instances, to do even that. None but the very first class of men need ever dream of being read entire even by their constituents; and, as the most of these orators attract no attention during the delivery of their orations, if they are not read when put in print, they might as well say nothing. However, it is glory enough for many of them that they have made a speech, for or against a certain subject; the bare fact, they know, will, in some way, get to their constituents; and this is about all they care about it, provided their party organs only puff their performances. Still, for this very reason, and for other reasons, we think a regular Synopsis in Congress would be a benefactor to the public.

4. *Channing*, a review of the memoirs of that great and good man by Rev. Abel Stevens. The reviewer most explicitly condemns the *theology*, but applauds the *practical religious character*, of Dr. Channing. As this article has occasioned some personal and speculative discussion, now in progress, between the reviewer and the editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, we shall say no more of it at the present. We will state, however, that, before the appearance of the article, we had nearly composed one on the same subject for our work, to be accompanied by an embellishment; and we intend, at a suitable time, to finish it and give it to our readers.

5. *The Meaning of the word Sheol*, by Rev. S. M. Vail, A. M., is a review of a work by Dr. F. Oehler. The review is brief, clear, able, and entirely conclusive. It is an attempt to show the exact significations of the word according to the *usus loquendi* of the Scriptures; and every passage in the Bible, where the word is used, has been collated for this purpose. Mr. Vail shows that *Sheol* has three significations: 1. It means, in general, the state of the dead, without specifying that state as either one of happiness or of misery. 2. The place of torment where the wicked dead receive their punishment. 3. The grave, sepulchre, or other last resting-place of the dead. We commend this article to all those who wish to know the precise meaning of the word *hell* in Scripture; and especially to such as are running into the old dream of an "intermediate state." We hope the writer will give us another article on the signification of *Hades* in the New Testament and Septuagint. The work would be easy and profitable. The Concordance of Trommius on the Old Testament, and that of Schmidt on the New, would furnish him at once with all the passages beautifully arranged; and the task of consulting other authorities would be agreeable and light.

6. *Progressive Principle of Language and Style*. This article was written by a man, whoever he is, whose mind is not only quite acute, but practiced in linguistic criticism. We agree with the writer, that there has been a progress in the organic structure of language; but to put the French down as the model language of all time is a little more than funny. For poetry, it is well known, French is nearly good for nothing; and in prose it is excelled by almost every modern language. The progress which language has made is from *complexity*

to *simplicity*; and the English is the most simple, taking its etymology, its syntax, and its orthoepy into consideration, of any modern form of speech. A foreigner will learn the theory and practice both of English, while he is learning to pronounce French; and when he has learned to pronounce French, the pronunciation is a constant libel on the derivation of its words. We think the writer's criticisms on Junius are peculiarly unfortunate, not one of them being valid; while his own style is constantly liable to objection. His complaints against the style of Macaulay are more rational; for we do not think the great reviewer and historian is a good sentence-maker, whatever be his acknowledged skill at picturesque and graphic composition.

7. *The Rev. Edward Irving* is a review of two works relating to the great preacher. To those who have not before made themselves acquainted with Mr. Irving's peculiar genius, this article must be very grateful. It is finely written, abounds in apt quotations from the orator's own writings, and leaves a very distinct and pleasing impression.

8. *Thomas Carlyle* is next favorably and ably reviewed by an anonymous writer. He places Carlyle high up among those who have exerted a commanding and beneficial influence on recent English literature; and we think he is entirely just in so doing. This is one of the best articles of the number.

9. This article consists of numerous short reviews and notices of books, by the editor, who is admirably qualified for this kind of work, as he is a close reader. We are glad to see that he does not incline to puff every thing he touches; nor does he, to make a show of criticism, find fault with authors indiscriminately. An editor has a high post to fill in this department. Thousands look to him for opinions respecting works, which they will purchase and read on his recommendation, or will follow his judgment in neglecting them altogether. He should, therefore, take due pains to form correct judgments, and then state them honestly and fearlessly. While an editor is guarding and enlightening the public, in relation to new books, he has a duty also to their authors. It is a crying sin of some editors of this generation, that they notice books generally without reading them; for they are, consequently, not prepared to do even-handed justice either to the public or to writers. Here is an author, who has spent half his life on a work; he puts it to press with a keen consciousness of the labor it has cost him; it goes through its first impression under his own careful and expensive supervision; then he sends it to the editors with a modest hope that they will do him justice. But justice is the last thing the editors think of. They generally go to puffing it for merits which the author never claimed for it, or revile it for defects which it does not possess, not because they are either knaves or fools, but because they will suffer themselves to review a book without reading it. We are glad to see that Dr. M'Clintock is not one of that sort of editors. We shall read his notices with confidence and satisfaction. We intend, also, to pursue the same method—to take all care to know the real merits of a work, and then utter our judgment without fear or favor.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION AND RELIGIOUS MEMORIAL, for February, presents the following good list:

1. Latest News from Europe, by the editor, Rev. Robert Baird, D. D.
2. Union Demanded by the Times, by Rev. J. S. Demund, D. D.
3. Trusting, (poetical,) by John Waters.
4. Christian Mutual Benefit Societies, by Rev. J. F. Kettell.
5. Practical Suggestions.
6. Christian Union and Revivals.
7. A Brotherly Tribute.
8. Union to Christ.
9. Death of an Aged Member of the Society of Friends.
10. Christian Union.
11. Charlotte Elizabeth and the Evangelical Alliance.
12. Baptist Noel on Union of Church and State.
13. Trust in God (poetical.)
14. Union in Connection with the Propagation of the Gospel, by Rev. R. S. Chandlish, D. D., of Edinburgh.
15. Missions to the Blacks.
16. Results of Modern Missions.
17. Brazil.
18. Gathered Fragments.
19. Proposed Formation of an Evangelical Free Church in France.
20. French Correspondence.
21. Religious Liberty in Spain.
22. Prayer.
23. American Evangelical Alliance.
24. Formation of an Auxiliary in Philadelphia.
25. Religious Memorial, etc.

The work is well sustained throughout.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**ELEMENTS OF DIVINITY, or a Course of Lectures comprising a Clear and Concise View of the System of Theology as taught in the Holy Scriptures, with Appropriate Questions appended to each Lecture.** By Rev. Thomas N. Ralston, A. M.: Louisville. 1847.—This work has been on our table for several months, but we have not found time, till recently, to read it. It contains thirty-two lectures on the great subject indicated in the title. The topics are, the existence of God, his attributes, the divinity of Christ, the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit, the Trinity, the creation, the fall of man, the effects of the fall, depravity, the atonement (seven lectures,) Calvinism and Arminianism compared, the moral agency of man (two lectures,) repentance, faith, justification (two lectures,) regeneration, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the perseverance of the saints, Christian perfection (two lectures,) the resurrection, the future state, and the general judgment. These topics are all very commendably treated. The author's style is, on the whole, good—better, we think, for magazine essays than for such solid work as a book of divinity. If, however, he intended his production for popular reading, in addition to its circulation among young ministers, he has well succeeded. His research has evidently been considerable among the ablest divines of the last two centuries. The whole performance is worthy of commendation; and we hope the author will feel encouraged to proceed in his profound and important studies. We have so much of mere *clap-trap* pretension to science in these days, that it is refreshing to see a man, now and then, really at work trying to do something worthy of his professions; and though, by severe criticism, it would not be impossible to find errors in performance, a well-meaning reviewer is not much disposed to severity under such circumstances. We give the author our editorial blessing for his labors.

**POEMS ON METHODISM, by Rev. Joshua Marsden, and American Methodism, by an anonymous writer, whom we have heretofore set down as REV. WILLIAM HUNTER, A. M.,** editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*. The first part of the work is pretty well known by the Methodist community in general. It has been read very extensively in England and in this country. Much that we know of the private and public character of some of the great leaders of Methodism in England, has been given us in this poetical production. The second part is "a Plea for Unity," wherein the writer deplors the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, warns the two parties against bitterness of feeling, and exhorts them to peace and friendliness. We do not see the hint of any scheme of union in his hundred stanzas; and hence the politics of the poem are *aesthetical* rather than *polemic*. We cannot quarrel with the feelings which prompted them, so far as these feelings are developed in the verses; and the notes we have not had time to read carefully. We suppose, however, that if any objections are raised to the book, they will be arrayed against the notes rather than against the poem; but it is not the policy of this magazine to discuss the ecclesiastical questions, which may be involved in them. As a work of art, we think the second part is entirely superior to the first. It is in the *Spencerian* stanza of nine lines, which Spencer, and Lord Byron, and Thomson, have rendered so famous. The following is the opening stanza:

"Sons of great Wesley, in the blooming land  
O'ershadowed by the EAGLE's spreading wings!  
Indulge the Minstrel, whose untutored hand  
Ventures, too boldly, o'er the trembling strings;  
Your past renown, your present woes he sings;  
Nor ever seeks your future weal the less,  
When truths unwelcome to your ear he brings,  
Than when invoking Heaven all good to bless,  
And crown, in holy war, your armies with success."

The sixth stanza contains the *doctrine* of the poem:

"A truce, ye armies of the living God!  
Hence with your mutual complaints and jealousy!  
Unmeet that brethren—one in flesh and blood—  
Should strive together, foe-like, by the way:  
O, rather strive the flames of strife to stay!  
With ancient friendship to your hearts restored,

Kneel meekly at the throne of Heaven, and pray,  
Father, forgive each past ungentle word,  
And bind our hearts in one, with love's strong threefold cord."

The fiftieth has the *argument* of the poem:

"What! when the foe's advancing banners wave!  
When gleams his furbished armor in our eyes!  
Then of our petty, party feuds to rave,  
And 'gainst each other in our haste to rise!  
What could be more destructive or unwise!  
'Tis our defeat, 'tis triumph to our foes!  
Were Satan's self a project to devise  
To ruin us, and Christ's good cause t' oppose,  
He could not forge a plot of more malignant woes."

The fifty-second, and the four following stanzas, contain the *poetry*, par excellence, of the piece:

"How blessed is the land o'er which we roam!  
The sun beholds no other land so fair;  
Here Providence allots our peaceful home,  
Amid ten thousand gifts and blessings rare.  
For our great country's welfare let our prayer,  
From honest, faithful, fervent hearts ascend,  
That God may make our government his care;  
From foes without, and foes within defend,  
And be Himself, our Guide, our Governor, and Friend.

Aloft, thou EAGLE, with the piercing eye;  
Wide spread thy golden wings upon the gale:  
Up, mounting proudly to the glorious sky,  
O, never let thy sight or pinion fail;  
Up, up, brave eagle; boldly heavenward sail,  
And cast thy telescopic eye abroad  
O'er mountain, prairie, river, lake, and vale,  
And sketch the wide inheritance bestowed,  
Fresh in its beauty's bloom, as Eden newly trod.

The morn's ascending glory softly breaks  
Over ten thousand stately mountain heads;  
Dances upon a thousand glassy lakes,  
And o'er ten thousand verdant valleys spreads:  
Ten thousand rivers offer from their beds  
Their misty incense to the god of day:  
Unnumbered forests, millenarian shades,  
Relax their frigid horrors in his ray,  
And myriad prairie plains their floral gems display.

Lo, here the Iris-crowned Niagara! He,  
With more than Sapphic leap, and passion fonder,  
Seeking the bosom of his spouse, the sea,  
Wrenches his adamantine bonds asunder;  
And plunging headlong down, a world-wide wonder,  
Into the dread cavernous fissure hurls:  
There, with tremendous roar of deep-toned thunder,  
In many a mazy dance of eddying twirls,  
His milk-white sea of foam, with fury onward whirls.

And yonder trace the rolling Sire of Waters,  
A line of beauty glittering in the sun;  
Fed by a thousand tributary daughters,  
Who, dancing, to his breast paternal run;  
From many flows, at length a matchless ONE,  
The prince of rivers, and our country's boast;  
Shaming old Nile and wide-mouthed Amazon;  
He springs from far-off hoary realms of frost,  
Over a continent, to bathe its sunburnt coast."

We call these last quoted verses *poetry*. They are poetry. They would do no dishonor to any living poet. Their style resembles that of Whittier in more than one particular. Their great characteristic is *power*. Mr. Hunter is a poet. He has given the world ample demonstration of that fact. We are inclined to think, in truth, that he is the poet of American Methodism. We hope he will give his lyre no rest, day or night, till he has furnished the highest possible demonstration of his genius; for the work now before us is a proof, that there is a well-spring within him of which he has offered the public only a gentle draught.

DR. SPRAGUE'S ADDRESS ON THE CHARACTER OF WILBERFORCE.—This came to our office during our late tour in the



east, and has been lying with a mass of other unnoticed matter till the present. It is too late now to speak minutely of the performance. It has received the unqualified approbation of the press throughout the country. We add our testimony to its ability. It is a good model for a commencement oration.

ORATION, delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, Cincinnati, by Rev. E. L. Magoon. 1848.—This is another production which had been lying over for our return. It abounds in the virtues and in the faults of Mr. Magoon's characteristic style. The thoughts are *always* good; the illustrations are *generally* good; the rhetoric is *never* good. There is a peculiar freshness and energy in the author's conceptions, which make an old idea look new again; but the tendency of his mind is to overdo these sound, solid, Saxon sentiments of his, and so much so, as to make them sometimes appear quite rough. His sentences are rather loosely put together, without any great appearance of what good writers call a proper balance of periods; and rhythm, flow, music, are words of which he seems to have no idea at all. He is constantly italicising his words, showing that he is nervously fearful his reader will not appreciate the point and pith of his meaning; while, in truth, this fault is so common, that it ceases to give any emphasis to the words thus marked. Considered intellectually, the address is highly commendable for a man of some reputation; considered in a moral point of view, it must rank below mediocrity, as it certainly carries no great moral impulse with it; considered aesthetically, it has scarcely any character, which the writer would not repudiate, could he see it as it is. But, with all his blemishes, Mr. Magoon is a popular writer and speaker; for, the truth is, his very faults would make for him a popularity. They are so novel, so peculiar, so striking, that many ears are smitten into a kind of pleasure; and then his vigor of thought sustains him in all his rhetorical redundancies. Mr. Magoon has vigor, has originality, has something that always gives a startling character to his performances; but, in our judgment, he lacks serene, severe, sound, sober taste, without which wit and genius are apt to work much mischief with a writer and speaker. The best possible exercise for his mind would be the patient study of that great classic of his own denomination, Robert Hall, whose grand and dignified sentiments, rigid logic, high moral bearing, and nearly faultless composition, have rendered him a model among English writers.

A TREATISE ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE, designed for Colleges, Academies, and Families. By Calvin Cutter, M. D. Stereotype Edition. B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston. 1849.—This is the last edition of a work which has been about three years before the public. From the first it took a high rank among similar productions; and it is now displacing nearly every other from our colleges and schools. As a text-book it probably has no equal in our language; and as a reading-book, for family purposes, we know of nothing superior to it. It is at once rigidly scientific, and yet level to the capacity of the uninitiated reader; the plates are very excellent; the illustrations and plates generally confront each other; and there is a glossary at the end which explains all technical phrases of the science. It is accompanied by ten large maps, in which the human frame is given very fully, "inside and out;" and the whole work abounds with those practical observations, which will enlighten any reader respecting the preservation or improvement of his health. About seventy thousand copies of this book have been already sold; and the whole country is just opening its arms to give it a more general welcome.

WHITEWATER FEMALE COLLEGE, AND WHITEWATER ACADEMY, are located at Centreville, Ia., under the special patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The funds of the two institutions are amply sufficient, it is said, to employ an efficient faculty of the highest standing; the Trustees have already secured the services of Rev. Thomas H. Lynch, and will go on to fill the Board of Instruction with the best of teachers; the location is one of the healthiest, it is thought, in the western states; good boarding can be had at moderate prices; and the character of the community is unsurpassed.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

TEN thousand thanks to our fair correspondent, who sends us a small book of impressions of sea-mosses, with the suggestion that we may soon get more of them from the same quarter; and yet she hesitated, it seems, to send them, not knowing our "taste in such matters."

If by "taste" is meant admiration for the productions of nature and art, we can assure her we have any quantity of it; and would be thankful to add to our young cabinet any specimens, which either she or any other correspondent may be kind enough to send to us. We are vastly fond of all manner of curiosities; and will gratefully receive any thing, from the skeleton of a mammoth to a petrified "eye-winker," which our readers and friends may have for us. A good friend, by the way, sent us last year the petrified brain of some huge animal, in which all the divisions and subdivisions of that organ are distinctly visible.

It is a curiosity indeed: and if our old friend Fowler happens to visit Cincinnati, in spite of his numerous pounces upon us, all of which we have taken in a very quiet spirit, we cordially invite him to call and see it. It would well repay him for a trip to our city; and we would "eat and sleep" him gratis, for the pleasure of his conversation. We would also show him, notwithstanding our "broadside against phrenology," which he seems unable to get over, that we are about the cleverest old gentleman on record.

Some of our readers will remember the story of the boy, who wondered why the world did not turn together and make him rich, seeing it would be so easy; for, he said, if each individual of the eight hundred millions of our race would give him only one farthing apiece, which they could do and not feel it, he would have no less than four millions of dollars. Now, we happen to have between ten and eleven thousand subscribers, and, according to the usual mode of computation, about fifty-five thousand readers; and, therefore, if each reader would send us just a little scrap of a curiosity, say a book of sea-mosses, or an herbarium of wild-wood or prairie flowers, or a small box of minerals, or a trifle of a painting, or any other little gem of art, we should soon have a cabinet worth looking at! Come, ladies, why should your poor old editor be all the while thinking of you, and how he may best please and profit you, and you "give him the mitten" so constantly? We might exclaim with the poet,

"Tantane animis caelestibus ira!"

We shall expect to hear from you soon on this important subject; and in the meantime we engage to publish our "sea-moss" correspondent's verses, by way of doing justice to her fine talents, and also to stir up our readers to this duty they owe to their crusty old editor!

Zion's Herald, one of the ablest of our exchanges, copies one of our excelsior poems, and then puts under it a poem from one of "his correspondents," introducing the latter with the following observations: "The above is the Excelsior poem of the last Repository, and deserves to be; here is another on the same subject from one of *our poets*—we are not afraid to place it beside the above. We shall not fear for our preachers while they have wives who can thus sing at their trials." All this, now, is very flattering to our vanity, and we have not a word of fault to find with it; but the *joke* of it is, that *neither* of the writers is the *wife* of a Methodist preacher, while *both* are *our correspondents*!

Our contributors have been busy. They must have patience with us. We have communications in great abundance. "Thoughts on Heaven," "The Last Farewell," and other good pieces came to us without the names of the writers; and, consequently, we cannot publish them. The necessity of the rule must be evident. Even with it we are not always safe against imposition; for we learn that we were last year imposed upon in the matter of a poem. If the person afflicted by the plagiarism will send us the *proofs*, we will do justice to the impostor referred to in his communication to us on the subject.

We regret that several notices were crowded out, by mistake of the printer, which we had particularly requested should go into this number.



### THE MOSS-ROSE.

BY REV. H. P. TORSEY, A. M.

FROM the stony ground of the thistle's bed,  
The *Moss-Rose* raised her humble head;  
The rude winds bent her fragile form,  
And round her raged the loud-voiced storm;  
Yet, gentle, lowly, meek, and mild,  
She ever on the rude winds smiled,  
And, as the mad storm swept her past,  
Poured her sweet fragrance on the blast.

Within her pure and purple vest  
A glittering dew-drop lay at rest,  
Which, when the storm had passed away,  
And bright and heavenly beamed the day,  
As mirror of this lovely one,  
Showed the broad image of the sun.

Thus, midst *thy* trials, ever seek  
A lowly spirit—firm, but meek—  
And on the wild and turbid strife  
That round thee battles, in this life,  
Like some pure being from above;  
Pour out sweet fragrance—*Christian love*—  
And in thy heart, by Christ made clean,  
Be God's all-glorious image seen.